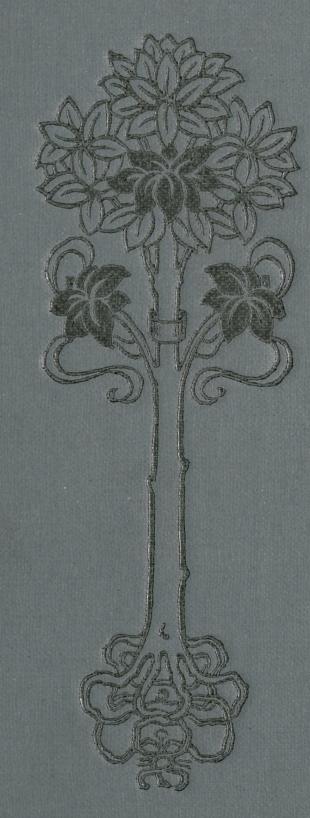
The Mote of Discord



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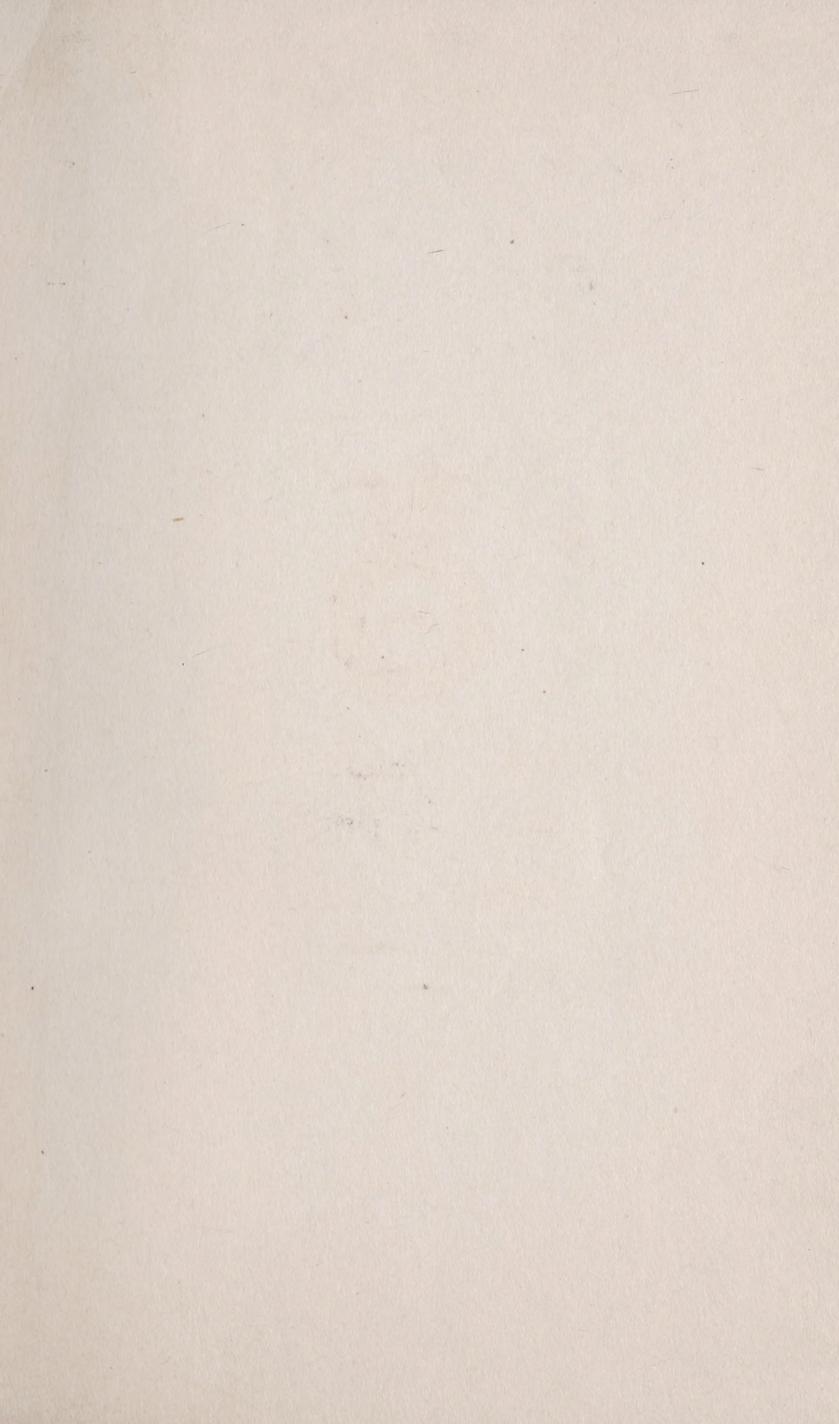


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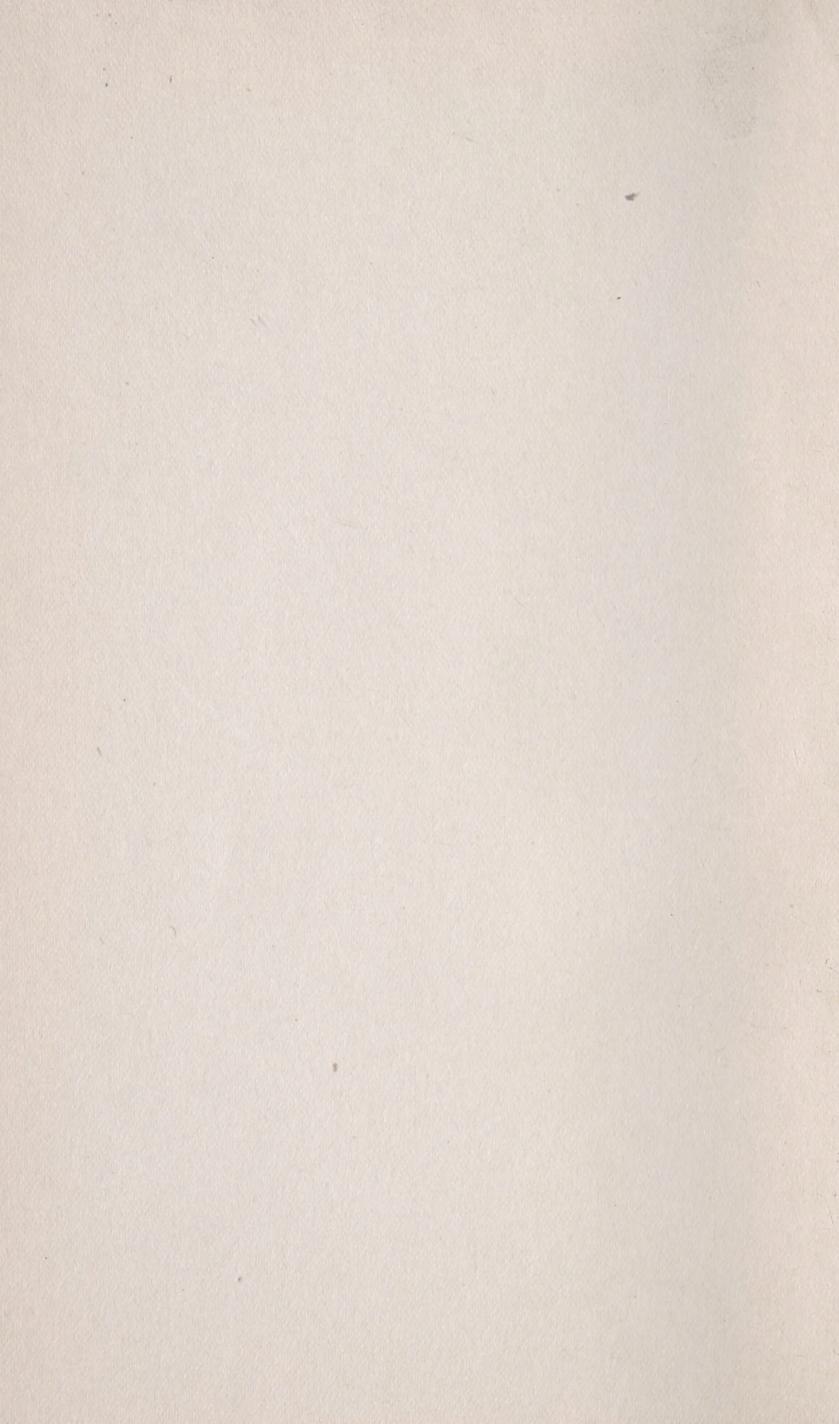
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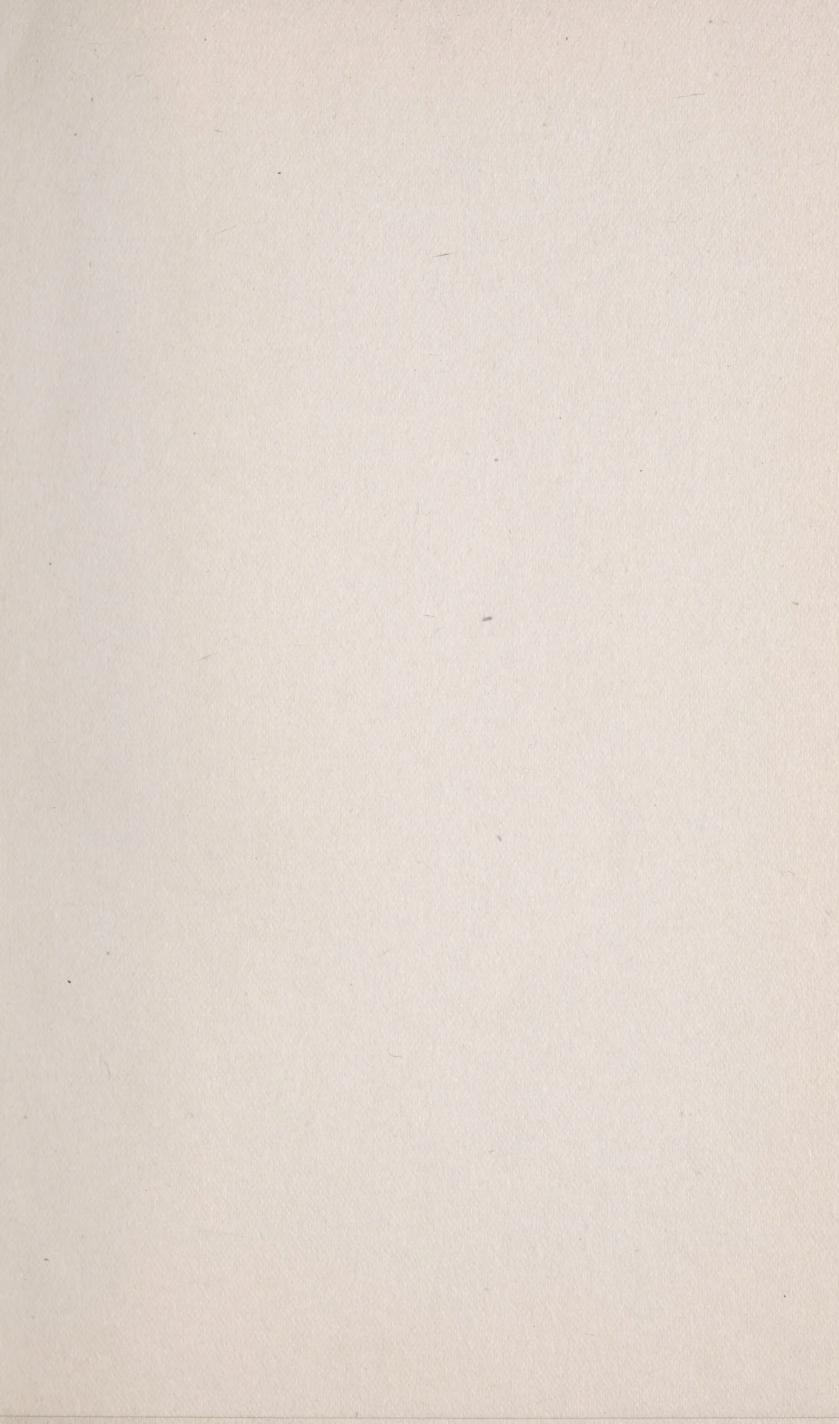
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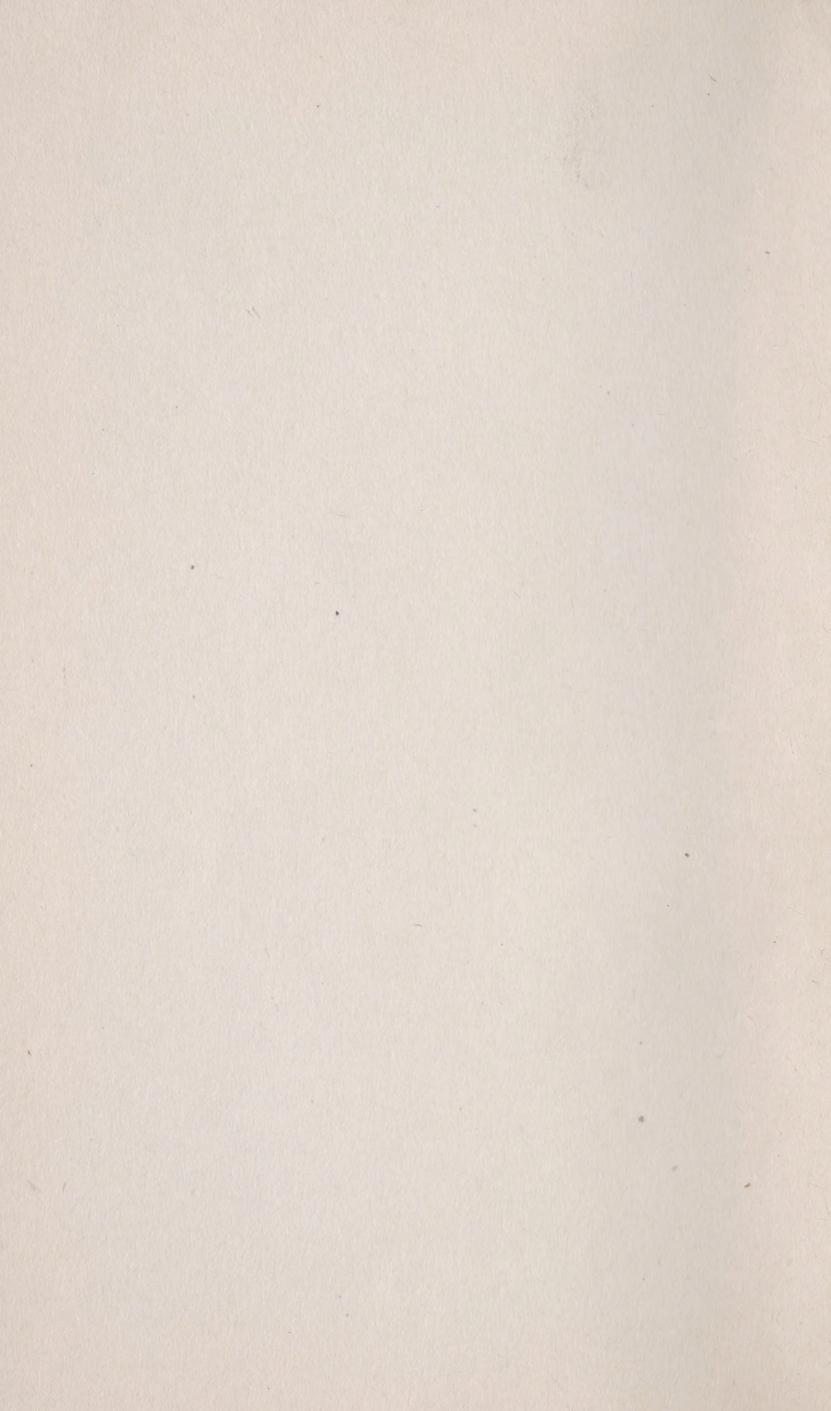


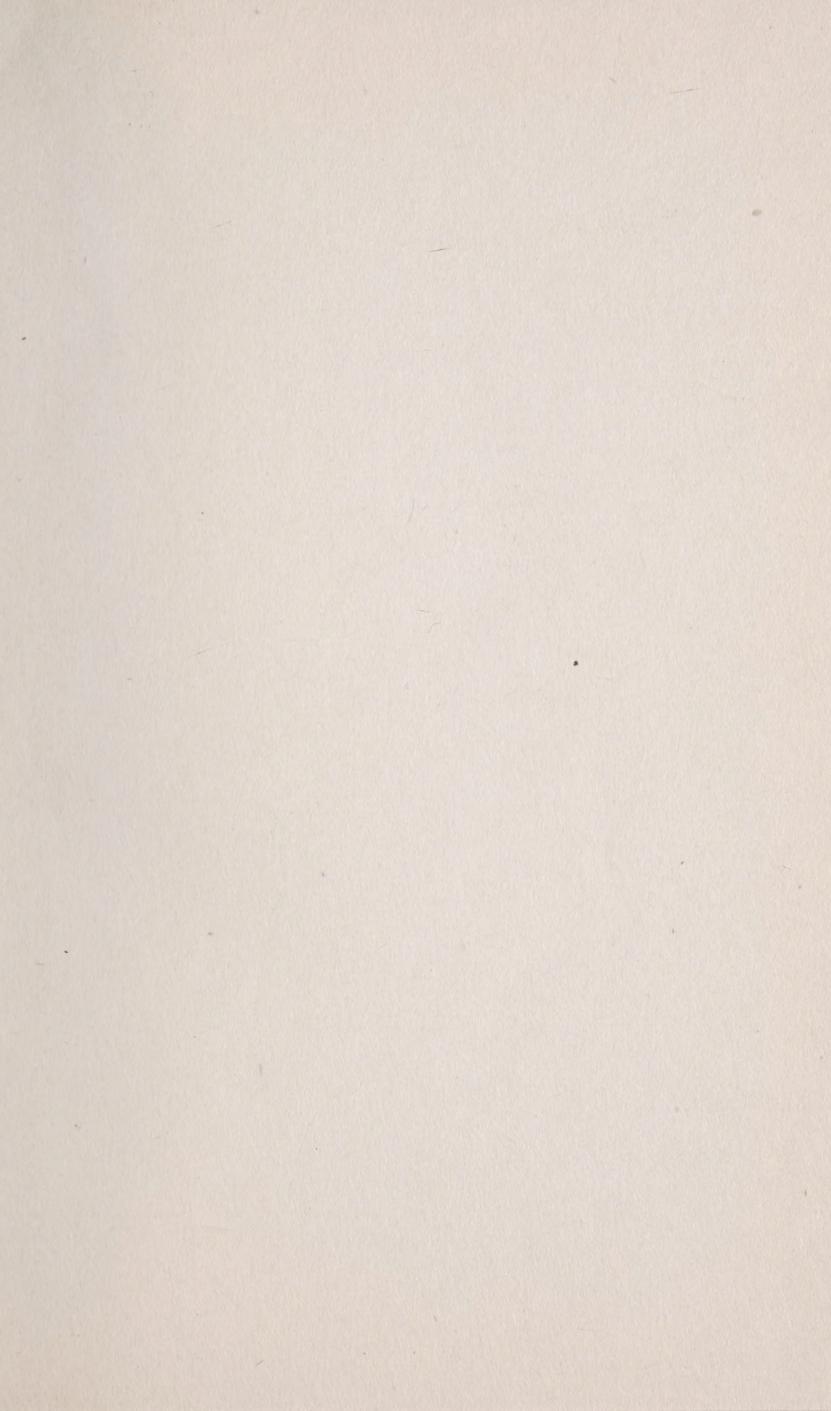


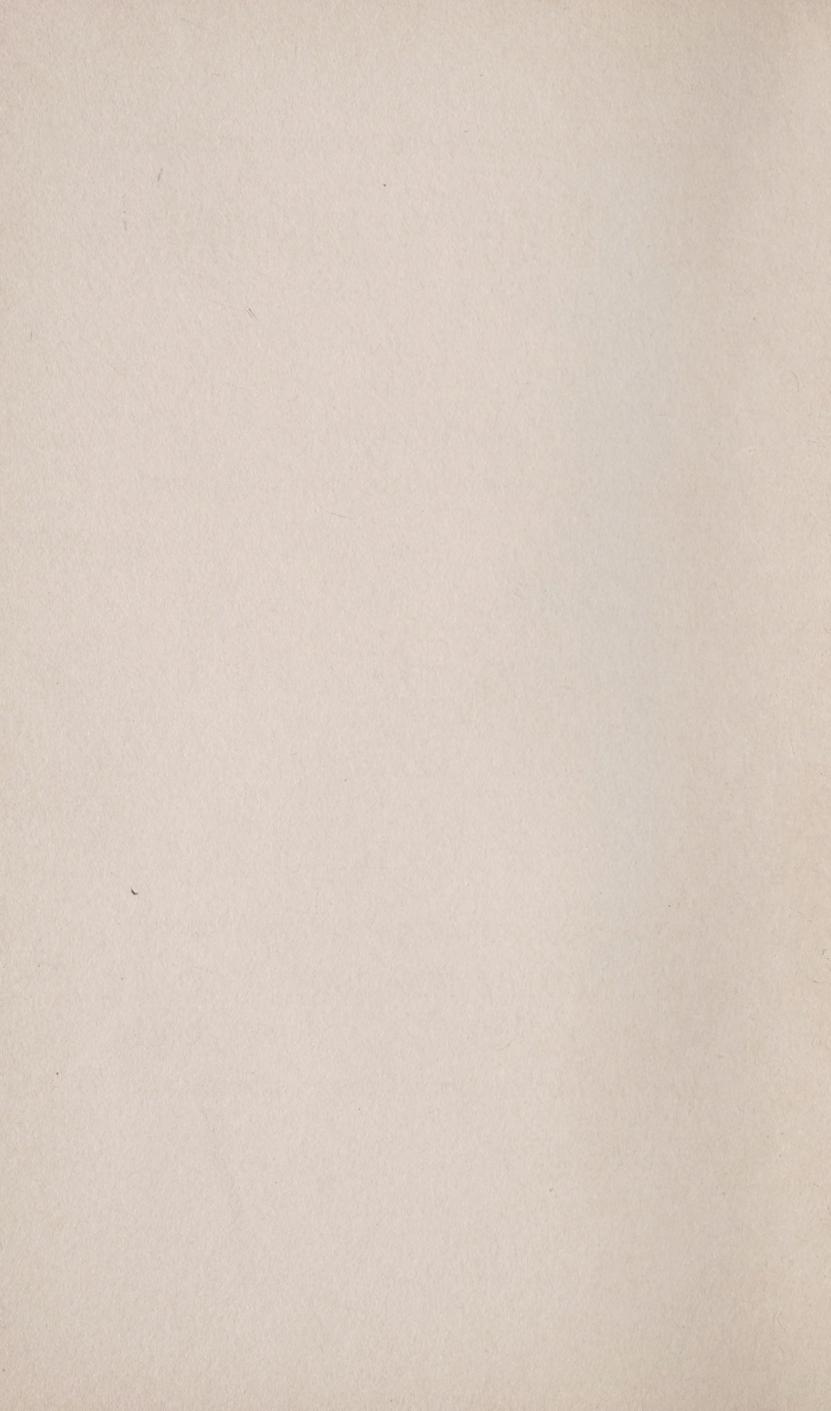








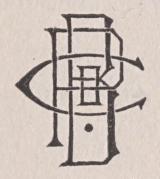




The Note of Discord.

BY

Marion Curtis.



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THE NOTE OF DISCORD.

CHAPTER I.

"Mother, where is Betty? Is she not downstairs yet?" asked Bruce Carleton, as he seated himself at the breakfast table, this December

morning.

"No, son," Mrs. Carleton replied. "She came in late from the dance last night. I ordered Eliza not to awaken her yet. Old Ellen will take care of Betty's breakfast; 'the little canary bird,' she calls the child."

Bruce smiled as he remarked: "Betty is like one of the lilies of the field. She toils not, neither does she spin; yet, Solomon, in all his glory, was

not arrayed like her."

"Yes," laughed his mother, "I verily believe, if all other resources failed, that the ravens would feed and the fairies clothe her, for never could

Betty Carleton take care of herself."

"Áh!" said Colonel Carleton, as he rose from the breakfast table. "Don't you fret about Betty, her blood has the right color;" then bidding good-bye to his wife and son, hurried away to keep an early appointment at the suburb of Wilton, the site of his large manufacturing interests. Left together, mother and son, over their delicious breakfast, returned to the subject of Betty—her beauty and her beaux.

"Mother, I am sorry Betty favors the attentions of that fellow Granville," Bruce remarked,

with a shade of disapproval on his face.

"Why, son," exclaimed Mrs. Carleton, a new interest lighting her placid features, "Ross Granville impresses me as a young man of fine personality. He is ambitious, successful, and popular. I will admit that I have thought him a suitable match for Betty. What do you know against him, Bruce?" Mrs. Carleton inquired, with a questioning glance at her son.

"I wish I knew something which would cause Betty to regard him with dislike. True, Granville has a magnetic charm of manner, but he is a man who will make miserable the woman who is unfortunate enough to become his wife. He is vain, selfish and cares only for those who pay tribute to his merits," Bruce answered his

mother.

With a wise nod of the head, she returned: "I fear that you are a bit unjust, Bruce, because you prefer Eugene Freeman among Betty's suitors. I am sure Mr. Granville seems devoted to Betty."

"He loves her next to himself," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Betty is bright and beautiful, and she is Colonel Carleton's daughter, and that means much in Camden," he added, with a touck

of pride.

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the black maid, Eliza, with

a plate of Ellen's crisp waffles. Mrs. Carleton was one of those wise women, who knows that out of the kitchen chiefly comes the strength, health and happiness of the home. She bravely closed her eyes to many faults, but demanded of the cook, who remained in her service, that the family meals should be perfectly prepared, and this capable woman received what she demanded.

"No, mother," Bruce continued, as the maid left the room, "I am not unfair to Granville; but I am proud of my friend, Freeman, 'this noble son of New England's soil,' as Colonel Watkins spoke of him at the club a few nights since. It may be that you and father, with Gettysburg and Shiloh still in your minds, are a little prejudiced against Eugene, but the war was over more than forty years ago. I know that Eugene loves Betty with a strength and earnestness which Granville could not even comprehend," said Bruce, as the loyalty of his nature flashed from his fine blue eyes.

Here Eliza, with the morning paper, delayed in its arrival, interrupted the young man's con-

versation.

Bruce, looking over the local columns of the Times, read with deep concern to his mother the bold headlines, "Negro Brute Enters Elm Street Orphanage," then the story of an attempted crime the night previous.

The paper stated that at eleven o'clock the night before a negro man had entered a dormitory of the orphans' home, where fifteen young girls slept. That in attempting to choke one of

the girls, Minnie Flynn, into insensibility, the sound of the struggle had aroused Mrs. Rand, the matron of the home, whereupon the negro man had made his escape.

"Poor little Minnie!" Mrs. Carleton said in tones of distress. "She's the dear girl who helped Olivia in October, when Bob and Bess

were sick with the measles."

"I remember her, a pretty, modest girl," Bruce replied to his mother.

"And so useful to Mrs. Rand in the home,"

added Mrs. Carleton.

"The most shameful crime ever attempted in this town," Bruce exclaimed in anger and excitement. "I hope there'll be no more like it—or there'll be rocky times in Camden." At this moment, their breakfast finished, hearing the ring of the telephone, mother and son left the room. "Keep the outer doors locked to-day, mother," the young man said on his departure. "Such a crime as the one last night is usually followed by a similar one; and remember that women must be more careful in Camden than in most southern towns."

At the telephone, Mrs. Carleton heard the voice of her married daughter, Olivia Bryan, from her suburban home, deploring in dismay the attempted assault at the orphans' home the night before. Mrs. Bryan requested her mother to go with her to the Orphanage to express their regret and sympathy; then, soon followed her message to her father's home.

Ruth Carleton regarded her three children with a devotion almost abnormal; but if she

would have allowed herself a favorite, it would have been Olivia, with her brave spirit and her active mind, always scheming for the good of others.

This bright young woman and the stately mother, with the grace of the old south manner still about her, went away to visit the home of the orphans, so brutally attacked the night before. They loved well the blessed text of the Holy Book, by which their lives were guided—the text which commanded them to "comfort the widow and fatherless in their affliction."

CHAPTER II.

The Elm Street Orphanage in Camden, Tennessee, was a large, brick building situated on one of the prominent yet quiet streets of the town, adjoining the home of the mayor and second door from the residence of the editor of Camden's afternoon paper. It had been one of the first buildings erected in Camden, for charitable purposes. Presenting a modern appearance on the exterior, the interior showed an old-fashioned arrangement. Narrow, gloomy halls—the third little more than a dark passageway—the winding staircase in the rear suggested architecture of a by-gone day.

Twenty years before Mrs. Rand, the matron of the Orphanage, had come from her home in a northern state to take charge of this institution. Possessing fine executive ability, a high-bred manner and every Christian grace, this excellent woman had endeared herself to the people of Camden.

Although old and worn, the interior of the house was always spotless; kindness and firmness shared equally in its control; and few children in Camden had such fine advantages of Christian training as the little ones of the Orphanage.

This December morning, when Mrs. Rand met

Mrs. Carleton and Olivia Bryan, she was pale and tired from the excitement of the night before, yet composed and gracious as usual. Greeting them cordially, she expressed appreciation of the sympathy of these two friends, to whom, as earnest workers in the society whose efforts sustained the Orphanage, she proceeded to give the details of the dreadful experience of

the night before.

"You know," she said as she began her story, "I sleep on the lower floor next to the nursery, while Mrs. Rice, the assistant matron, rooms upstairs across the hall from the girls' dormitory. This dormitory was originally two rooms, but the partition has been removed. Minnie Flynn's bed is in one corner and Annie Tucker's in the other corner of the recess made by removing the partition, on the west side of the room.

"I retired at ten o'clock last night," the matron went on, "but I sleep lightly, and about eleven o'clock I was awakened by a strange sound, as of scuffling in the room immediately above me, which, you know, Olivia, is the girls' dormitory.

"When awakened, for an instant I thought some of the children had fallen out of bed; then, as the noise continued, I ran into the hall, calling to Mrs. Rice: 'What's the matter in the dormi-

tory?'

"As she replied: 'I think it must be one of the girls frightened in her sleep,' I ran up the stairway and heard Minnie Flynn gasping: Oh, mama, he choked me. He tried to kill me. He's gone down the back stairs.'

"Rushing to the rear, I found the hall doors ajar and saw one of the kitchen windows were open, but her assailant had gone. I instantly telephoned police headquarters and the county jail, both of which, you know, are only six

squares away.

"As soon as I had notified the officers and closed the kitchen window, I took Minnie, almost fainting, in my arms. To my consternation I saw deep, purple prints left from the pressure of strong fingers upon her throat. Sobbing bitterly, she explained that as she waked she had seen a negro with his fingers clasped around her neck. 'I could not scream,' she said, 'but I prayed God to help me, mama, as you have taught us to do; then I fought him with all my might.' In the fierce struggle one of the hasps of the iron bed was broken," the matron observed, then proceeded with her story. "Though almost overcome, Minnie, controlling herself, said: 'Mama, I believe he was trying to carry me downstairs, but, in the scuffle, I fell on the floor; then you called Mrs. Rice, and the negro ran away. The man had pulled his hat low over his face; he had on a brown coat and looked like the man who used to come here so much to see Rosa, before you told her that he should stop coming.'

"Little Mary Strong, who sleeps across the room from Minnie, is very bright, though only nine years old. She says she was awake when she saw a negro man tip-toe into the room and turn the gas higher, which was burning dimly near the door. Mary says she was afraid to

scream, for fear he would kill her; but she saw his face when he turned on the gas, and she says it was the negro who had been coming to see Rosa in the afternoons, notwithstanding my

disapproval.

"Sheriff Shipley was the first officer to respond to my call for help. He requested, at once, to be shown the window through which the negro entered the house, as well as the way by which the dormitory is reached. The sheriff, observing the roundabout passage that leads from the kitchen to the dormitory upstairs, promptly gave his opinion that the criminal was evidently familiar with the plan of the house, or else had been directed by some one who could explain the situation of the rooms. Then I told him of the conduct of our cook, Rosa, and the repeated visits of a negro man, Ned Jones, whom Minnie had described as her assailant. Our county is fortunate in having a man for sheriff who is so courteous and thoughtful as Captain Shipley. He was very anxious about the dreadful crime that had been attempted, and endeavored, with me, to calm the much excited girl, telling her that she'd not be molested again, as he'd make every effort to capture the guilty negro at once.

"While the sheriff was talking to Minnie, his deputies arrived with the blood hounds. The dogs ran only a block around the corner to Duncan street; and though several trials were made, they refused to go any further. Sheriff Shipley expressed his opinion that the criminal had here boarded an electric car, or had been met at this

point by a cab waiting to drive him to a place of safety. While Captain Shipley and his deputies were discussing the case, the city detectives, Harvey and Brown arrived; a number of officers, nine altogether, had responded to our call for help. The detectives agreed with Sheriff Shipley in his belief that the guilty party was the friend of Rosa, the cook, and also that the crime had been committed with her assistance. They worked on this theory, and after searching all night for the criminal, Ned Jones was arrested about seven o'clock this morning.

"He is the man who has been coming here and is an associate of our colored cook whom the

officers think planned the crime."

The matron paused a moment to hear sympathetic words from her listeners, then went on: "It was a sad sight to see the frightened faces of those children last night; but I laughed in spite of the excitement when, on going to my room for a moment, I found sixteen little ones climbing in and over my bed, clamoring with each other as to who would sleep in 'Mama Rand's bed' for the rest of the night." Here the tears stood in the eyes of the tender-hearted woman at the thought of this demonstration of love by these little helpless children in her care.

"But, Mrs. Rand, how could Rosa do it—the woman who has worked for you for three years and to whom you have shown so many favors—how could she be an accomplice to such a fearful crime?" Mrs. Carleton asked in dismay.

"You will remember that I never shared your confidence in Rosa, but you believed that she was

devoted to you," Olivia remarked to the matron, with a gentle hint of "I told you so" in her voice.

"I did think so until about a week ago, when, upon my remonstrating with her about her coming so late in the morning, she became offended. The real cause of her anger, however, was that I had forbidden the visits of Ned Jones to the house. She had become very much incensed at this, and, giving up a room in our basement, had rented a house in an alley several squares off. Yesterday she was in an angry mood all morning, having come in after I had, with Minnie's aid, prepared breakfast. With an impudent air she remarked that she didn't intend to be bossed any longer by low-down white trash; whereupon I told her, as soon as she finished the work on which she was then engaged, that I must dismiss her from our service. She heard Minnie, who was present and who is, as you know, a well-grown girl of fifteen, say: 'Mama, I can do the work until you can get another cook.' At this remark Rosa became furious, saying 'I'll fix you for that, you dirty, poor white trash!' I supposed this to be one of the threats which negroes make in violent anger and thought no more of it.

"Yes, Rosa was placed in jail at three o'clock this morning," the matron replied to an inquiry from Mrs. Carleton. "Detective Harvey came early to tell me the story of her arrest. She lives about three squares back of your home, Mrs. Carleton."

"Isn't it deplorable," Olivia exclaimed, "that

in Camden the town is so built that the dens of negro thugs are right at our back doors? There is scarcely a residence section in Camden where the negro settlements are further than two squares from the best homes."

"This condition is the result of the boom of 1886; but go on, Mrs. Rand, with the story,"

Mrs. Carleton urged.

Then the matron continued to her breathless listeners: "Acting upon Sheriff Shipley's theory that the cook was an accomplice in the crime, the detectives went first to her home, where Rosa denied all acquaintance with Jones and further made inconsistent statements which convinced them that something was wrong, and in spite of her untruthful answers, Jones' picture and clothing were found in her house. She was lodged in jail; then the detective gave a patrolman the negro man's picture, with instructions to watch for him near one of the big foundries where he was supposed to work. The patrolman easily recognized Jones and was confirmed in his belief of the negro's guilt by a vile remark made about white women when the patrolman arrested him. Oh!" cried the pure-hearted woman, "that one of my little girls should have been attacked by such a brute!"

"It is evident," observed Mrs. Carleton, "that, though Rosa must have intended murder, the man wished to add to it a more dreadful crime."

"Come to the kitchen, my friends," the matron requested of her visitors. Walking through three narrow halls, past the winding stairway by which the negro had reached the upper floor

the night before, the three women came to the kitchen where the wretch had forced his way. Here the sink was arranged in one corner; the kitchen table was placed near it. Above the sink a small rack held two gleaming knives, newly sharpened. The window through which the negro had effected his entrance was situated immediately between the sink and range, there being a distance of about five feet between the position of these two articles of household furnishings. Mrs. Rand took up the interrupted story: "When I reached the kitchen last night I saw the open window—I saw this knife lying on the kitchen table"—here the matron pointed to the larger knife on the rack-"and I also noticed a piece of blunt, heavy wood lying on the range." Here Olivia gave a startled cry; then Mrs. Rand remarked: "You know, dear, that we are nothing if not methodical in our habits. I know the knife was in the rack when I left the kitchen last night. Two of the girls were in the room later, but they say there was no occasion to use the knife. It is possible that some younger child might have used it, but this is not probable, as the presence of the little ones in the kitchen is positively against our rules."

"I am certain," Olivia exclaimed in horrified tones, "that Rosa sent Ned Jones here to murder Minnie. Of course, on account of her own relations with him she would resent the other sinister crime which he contemplated. My theory is that the negro intended bringing Minnie to the kitchen, striking her senseless with the block of wood, which he'd placed on the range as he came in;

then his fiendish crime accomplished, he intended to cut her throat with the knife which lay on the table and leave by the open window just at hand," Olivia, examining the broken window fastening that Mrs. Rand gave her, observed, "The detectives undoubtedly have the right man. This negro knew that cast-iron is not hard to break, and you say, Mrs. Rand, that Jones works at Gilman's foundry?"

"Hear Sherlock Holmes," laughed the matron, half merrily, to Mrs. Carleton. "Really, Olivia, your idea is similar to one point in the officers'

theory."

"It seems immaterial to me," Mrs. Carleton remarked, "as to who placed the knife on the table. If Rosa intended murder, she, of course, told the negro of the position of the knife. It was moonlight, and with the blinds open the man could easily see the knife, either above the sink or on the table just by it."

"Mrs. Rand, is there other kindling in the basement, similar to the piece found on the range

last night?" Mrs. Carleton inquired.

"No, the officers did not find any, though they searched thoroughly. But Detective Harvey carried this stick of kindling to Rosa's home and found in her woodshed a quantity of kin-

dling exactly matching this piece.

"A spade from our coal house and a cast-off curtain pole in the basement were used to pry open the window; they were found outside, where the man left them in his haste to escape. It is the duty of one of our best boys to lock the doors of the coal house and basement each

night, and to hang the keys on a peg in the kitchen, ready for the housemaid's use next morning. Last evening Philip came in, as usual, to report that his duties for the day were done. To my inquiries he answered promptly that the coal house and basement had been fastened. Later, Sarah, the housemaid went away, one of the girls locking the kitchen door after her delayed departure. Yet, when the officers came last night, the basement and coal house doors were open and the keys were on their accustomed peg in the kitchen. When Sarah came to her work this morning she inquired of some of the girls if anything had happened here the night before; and later, two of the children told me that she had come into the dormitory the morning before, while the little girls were busy, and asked where Annie Tucker and Minnie Flynn slept. The children, unsuspicious of any wrong, showed her the beds in the west alcove. You know, Olivia," the matron explained, "the housemaid is employed to clean the lower floor only and has no business upstairs. Detective Harvey," the matron continued, "is in the office now, questioning these girls and Mrs. Rice. I suspect he intends to arrest Sarah this morning."

The two visitors, in taking their leave of the matron, passed into the front vestibule as Detective Harvey walked out of the office. Mrs. Carleton and her daughter greeted the young detective with cordiality, expressing their pleasure that he had been detailed upon this case. They lingered a moment in discussing the main points of the crime of the past night. Harvey

announced his intention of arresting the housemaid at once, then added: "I cannot understand how this young girl had the strength to fight

that negro man as she did last night."

Mrs. Carleton looked with a serious air into the young man's face as she replied: "It was by the help of God Himself. When evening comes, each soul in this house consigns itself to the care of God until morning—and last night He took care of His own."

And the man of the world, who dealt with sin and crime, bowed low to the gentle woman as he went out of the door of the orphans' home,

with an earnest look in his eyes.

CHAPTER III.

When Olivia and her mother left the Orphanage it was nearing the "dinner hour," as Mrs. Carleton, still using the old-fashioned southern name, called the noonday meal. Indeed, so imbued was this woman with all ideas and customs of her beloved country that it was difficult for her to recognize any innovation. As the daughter of a slave-holder in Virginia, she had been taught early in life to consider the material comforts of those who served her. She claimed that cooks came earlier and left later than those engaged in any other line of household work, and in her home, at least, performed harder and more important duties than any other of the servants. Therefore they were entitled to their rest in the afternoon hours. This kind mistress arranged her bills of fare so carefully that, though her family enjoyed each day a delicious southern supper, at the same time her cook was spared from doing the heaviest work in the evening.

And each afternoon, when old Ellen went to her humble home in a nearby alley, many good bits from the Carleton table—"all de cold vittles"—went with her, for the little grandchildren for whom she cared. Mrs. Carleton, watchful in other things, would discreetly look another

way if she chanced to see the old cook on her departure. With a laugh, Bruce would remark to his mother that Ellen was captain of the basket and bucket brigade which daily files out of the homes of Camden. To which Mrs. Carleton would reply: "You know, son, that the laws of heredity are strong. In days gone by the fathers and the mothers of these servants went to the 'big house' on the old plantation for all good things, and well do the housekeepers of the south know that they go to the 'big house' yet." So, while other home-makers searched in despair for competent cooks, Mrs. Carleton was spared this annoyance, since old Ellen for sixteen years had carefully guarded her position in the Carleton household from the designs of other ambitious servants.

And a much-desired nome it was, both to serve and live in.

Robert Bruce Carleton had been reared on a big plantation in south Georgia, a son of one of the best families in that section. When war was proclaimed between the states, this fearless young man left home in eager haste to answer his country's call. His brave spirit and marked capacity for leadership soon placed him at the head of his regiment, which he led through some of the bloodiest battles of the long conflict.

Unlike most soldiers of the vanquished army, when Robert Carleton returned to his old home under new conditions he found a legacy awaiting him. A maternal uncle, an old man, unmarried, had gloated all his life over his hidden resources; but at last finding himself near death.

had left his wealth to the son of his dead sister-

the only creature he ever loved.

At thirty-five, Colonel Carleton married Ruth Manning, of Virginia, many years his junior. Twenty years before, when the whole south was agitated by a financial upheaval, the turning point of its present prosperity, Colonel Carleton with his wife and children came to Camden, where he engaged in a manufacturing business. His family had always spent money freely and enjoyed every comfort of life. This shrewd man left every detail of the home to his wife's care and judgment, concerning himself little about household affairs, except to pay the monthly bills and to know that few men in town had the right to feel the just pride in their families which it was his privilege to enjoy.

His elder daughter, Olivia, at twenty-two married Hugh Bryan, a young lawyer, socially and politically one of the most prominent men in Camden. The old rebel Colonel swallowed a bitter pill when she chose out of a score of lovers this southern republican, the son of a Union soldier of East Tennessee. Yet, he took his dose like a man, and he and his son-in-law became congenial companions, always avoiding the discussion of their political differences.

But the ties of kinship are stronger than the claims of politics. When Hugh Bryan received the republican nomination for circuit judge, Colonel Carleton fought this political battle for his daughter's husband, with the same ardor with which he had fought at Manassas and Chickamauga. Of course, Bryan won in this

election—but money burns holes in the pocketbooks of Camden politicians, and Olivia needed all the financial ability of her father's family and the industrious spirit inherited from her mother to make the Judge's salary go the whole way round in her household.

Judge Bryan's home was situated in Ridgway, the best suburb of Camden, where little Bob and Bess, his two children could enjoy the country sunshine, yet have good school and church ad-

vantages.

Colonel Carleton had associated his only son with him in business. Strong of limb and clean of heart, with a genial, whole-souled presence, Bruce Carleton stood a splendid type of southern manhood. His fancy yet untouched, he had endeared himself, by every grace of manly character, to the young women of his circle. If a shy or stupid girl were present, it was Bruce who saw that she was not neglected; and many an unattractive visitor—otherwise a wallflower—had gone from the dance with a glow of pride at the attentions of Colonel Carleton's son.

And never since the days of Bayard had pure

womanhood known a braver defender!

But the younger daughter was the pivot on which the Carleton home revolved, as the family laid homage at the feet of Betty. Three years as the favorite of Camden's best society had not dimmed the purity and sweetness of her nature, and her beauty was as delicate and dainty as one of the white lilies which grew on her father's lawn.

CHAPTER IV.

The mid-winter holidays were approaching. Olivia, busy with her Christmas preparations, wished to secure some choice evergreens which she knew grew about eight miles from Camden. Hugh Bryan's chief pleasure was the long afternoon drives, in which he and his wife had traversed every section of the country; and Olivia knew the country people as well as she knew those of her own circle. In order to procure the evergreens desired by his wife, Judge Bryan proposed a drive to Valley Church, the

locality where they were growing.

Olivia, still excited over the episode of the Orphanage, asked her husband to take with him for the long drive the pistol which she kept in the cabinet in her bedroom. At first he refused, with a touch of vexation that she should doubt his power to protect her, and laughingly pro-"Pistol carrying is not a dignified act for a judge of any court." But his wife, declining to go without the weapon, he yielded to her wishes, and having a habit of driving from the left side of the trap, the revolver in his right hip pocket was next to Olivia. As they swept along the well-built roads of Harrison county, the resinous odor of the pines filled the air with a bracing sweetness, and the Kentucky trotter carried them swiftly to their destination.

They stopped for a moment at Valley Church, where a small party of the women of the neighborhood, aided by a few men, were preparing for a Christmas entertainment that night. was the twenty-third of December, and the farmers' families, being accustomed to enjoy Christmas Eve at their own homes had selected this time for their mutual festivities. The popular couple stopped for a short while at the little church; Bryan to jolly with the men, while Olivia heard with eager interest the plans for the evening's pleasure. Being urged by some of the women whom she knew, she gave them, from her own fertile mind, a few useful hints for the evening's entertainment. Then picking up a little darkey from a cabin not far away, they drove to the spot where the Christmas greens grew. The brown-faced "Buddy," as the Judge called him, scaled the trees with the ease and grace of a squirrel, and soon the trap was filled with the evergreens. But the crisp December atmosphere had changed and one of those sudden rain storms, usual in this climate, was rapidly approaching. Judge Bryan drove to the home of Ben Railey, a personal friend, one of the neighboring farmers, where they were warmly greeted by Railey and his son Frank, the latter a constable of the district.

The young man assisted Mrs. Bryan from the trap, then drove it, in the drenching rain, to the barn, while the old man hurried his city guests into the house out of the heavy storm. The women of the home were at Valley Church, aiding in the holiday preparations there. Railey and his son talked of the Christmas tree and entertained the Judge and his wife with bright anecdotes of the coming neighborhood festivities.

Ah, indeed! in the midst of life are we in death, for little did the gay young man and the fond old father know what that Christmas tree

would bring to them before morning.

It was late before the rain storm had ceased. The Kentucky trotter had lost a shoe, and it was dusk when Hugh Bryan and his wife, on their return, reached a stretch of lonely woodland through which ran a portion of the homeward road. Driving slowly, on account of the missing horseshoe, they saw, approaching on the road in front of them, four negro men whom they supposed were workmen from a stone quarry two miles away.

As the men drew near one of them called out: "Oh, Jedge, I wants to see you a minute." As Bryan halted his trotter two of the negroes stepped towards the horse's head, one of them with a hand carelessly laid on the bridle, while the others approached the Judge's side. Bryan, noting their suspicious movements, said to his wife: "Olivia, be careful, my pistol is in the pocket next to you," and, as if rearranging the weapon, half drew it from its resting place.

The negro who had spoken, exclaimed hurriedly: "Never mind, Jedge, I won't stop you so late. I'll see you at your office in the mornin'." Then the four negroes walked rapidly

away.

Startled by the incident, Olivia retained her

composure, until reaching home, when she gave way to an attack of nervous suffering, of which she was an occasional victim.

Some years before, while spending the summer in the country, she had been terribly frightened by a negro man. Though of a strong constitution, Olivia had never entirely recovered from the effect of the fright and its consequences and her nervous system keenly responded to a similar strain upon it.

After a restless night, she arose early, and, opening the pages of the Camden Herald, her eyes fell upon the account of the murder of Frank Railey at Valley Church the night before.

The newspaper stated that during the Christmas entertainment at the church, the company was interrupted by the ribald jests and laughter of some negroes in a near-by cabin, evidently bent on disturbing and breaking up the entertainment. So boisterous was their conduct that the names of the children could not be heard when the director of the little affair called them out, as he took the presents of each child from the Christmas tree.

Frank Railey, constable of the district, performing his duty as an officer, went to the cabin to remonstrate with the negroes and order them to be quiet. Before the constable had time to realize his own peril, he was shot down in cold blood by a negro man, Bill Weston.

Olivia, burning with indignation over young Railey's death, read the newspaper account to her husband. This warm-hearted woman felt a deep interest in the public welfare of the police officers, deputy sheriffs and constables of Camden and Harrison county. This town and county were situated near the borders of three states. To this point thousands of evil-doers, fleeing from the wrath of their own states, flooded the dives and slums of Camden and its outlying districts. Many of these negroes, deprayed by nature, welcomed an opportunity to show their

hatred of the superior race.

Judge Bryan expressed deep concern for the death of young Railey and the sorrow of his aged father. Then he knitted his brows in vexation as he said to his wife: "Olivia, dear, I have had aspirations for the republican nomination for Congress next year. It has already been offered me, if I should care to accept it. You are a woman to inspire a man with courage and ambition, and I am sure you would enjoy two winters in Washington. But this murder makes the second horrible and unprovoked crime committed by negroes against white people in this county in less than two weeks. If this state of things continues, the entire republican ticket will meet with defeat here next year."

After her husband's departure, Olivia, with never a thought for his ambition, left the duties of her own happy household and went alone to her room, and the tears of sympathy and sorrow ran down her face for the strong young man who had lost his life at the hands of a negro thug from whom he had tried to protect the little company in the house of God, gathered to celebrate the coming of the Prince of Peace.

CHAPTER V.

Christmas week was filled with joy and gaiety in the Bryan and Carleton homes. Olivia, before the holidays, was the busiest woman in Camden. The Orphanage, Free Kindergarten, and Home for the Aged shared with her own dear ones the thoughtful and loving attentions of this capable woman. Mrs. Carleton gave bountifully to those institutions, although she reserved her personal attention for her immediate family and warmest friends. The servants who had retired from employment in her household within

the last twenty years were not forgotten.

But it was Betty, the beautiful young woman of the home, who received the fullest share of the holiday pleasures. "As ye measure, so shall it be measured back to you." Betty scattered smiles and sunshine on every day of the year, and on Christmas morning friends, both men and women, paid back the debt of joy they owed her. She confided to her mother that one of her most highly prized gifts was a smile from the sullenfaced housemaid, Fannie, when she cried out: "Christmas gif', Miss Betty," and received from the fair young woman a present for herself and her nameless child in the alley. Fannie, the most competent servant in Camden, kept the Carleton home in perfect order, with little care

from the mistress; and this negress, in spite of her strong race hatred, loved, almost against her will, this sunny-hearted Miss Betty, who gave

her smiles with every command.

The young men of Betty's circle rivaled each other in their attentions to the beautiful girl they loved. Colonel Carleton's favorite suitor of his young daughter was Harry Shipley, the manly son of his old friend and war comrade, Captain Joe Shipley, now sheriff of Harrison county. The time had been when the Colonel hoped that something warmer than friendship would exist between Harry and Betty. The young man had ever, on his part, shown a tender feeling for Betty, but while she felt for him a cordial friendship, yet she had steadily refused to consider him except in the relation of a dear comrade. Her father believed that each of his children had a right to his or her own life, which is the gift of God, so he kept his own counsel, and his family never knew, from his lips of one of his dearest dreams.

Eugene Freeman, young Carleton's closest friend, had come to Camden from a New England city seven years before. Meeting Bruce on his early arrival in the south, these two had become inseparable friends. Three years before, when Betty had come home from a Virginia school, Freeman had loved her from first sight, with a steady, calm devotion which no difference on her part or her preference for another had ever been able to dim. The son of an ardent aboltionist, Freeman had come south with the same misguided ideas concerning the negro, his

condition and treatment in the southern states, that are so common to his compatriots; but a stern sense of justice and a keen perception soon showed him his mistake. Interested in the same manufacturing business with the Carletons, Eugene Freeman was a frequent guest at their home. Here, in spite of memories of the past, he was warmly welcomed by the old Colonel and his wife; and here he met in close companionship his friend Bruce—and Betty, the lovely young woman he wished to make his wife.

"Butterfly Betty," they called her in playful jest, as one well entitled to enjoy the sunshine and flowery paths of life. But the keen-witted New England nature looked beneath the surface and saw the promise of a glorious womanhood into which this bud of beauty would soon

blossom.

But the fancy of the young girl had been caught by the magnetic manner and the brilliant charm of Ross Granville, a prominent young man of Camden. Ambitious, successful, and popular—as Mrs. Carleton had said of him—he possessed a daring self-confidence and a peculiar command over the wills of others, which directed into the proper channels, was destined to make him a leader of men.

Indeed, he was the mother's favorite among Betty's suitors. Olivia fought with a strong sense of justice against a dislike she felt for Granville, and shared with Bruce a preference for Freeman among her sister's lovers. She and Mrs. Carleton both regarded Harry Shipley with a warm affection, but knew that Betty's childish

love for him would never grow to something

stronger and sweeter.

"Mother, can you not influence Betty to regard Granville's advances with less favor?" Bruce Carleton asked this Christmas morning, as he noted the look of shy delight with which his sister received this young man's holiday gift, as contrasted to the friendly appreciation she manifested for the tokens of her other suitors.

"My dear boy," the usually placid mother replied, with a touch of resentment in her tone, "will you never overcome your unreasonable prejudice against Ross Granville? I fail to see a single objection to him as Betty's husband. Your father cannot even object to his politics, as in the case of Olivia's husband, for Mr. Granville is a southern democrat. However, Hugh says that the young man is broad-minded in his views. If you know anything against him,

Bruce, it is your duty to tell me."

"I acknowledge a natural antipathy for Granville," her son returned. "Though fully realizing that personal magnetism by which he influences his friends yet I cannot understand why a girl of Betty's fine character can prefer him to my friend, Eugene Freeman. Once she reluctantly admitted to me that in spite of her fondness for Granville, at times she felt a discontent, a feeling of unrest when with him that she had never known in Eugene's noble presence."

CHAPTER VI.

At her home in Ridgway, Olivia Bryan enjoyed the friendship of a next-door neighbor, Mrs. Murray, who coming from Ohio, had resided in the south for several years. Of an earnest, sympathetic nature Mrs. Murray took a keen interest in all public questions, and never had the principle of the brotherhood of man found a response in a warmer, truer heart.

These two were congenial companions and so, one evening, this interesting neighbor agreed to spend the evening with Olivia, when a public engagement called Hugh Bryan away to the

city.

The Judge's wife—considered one of the handsomest young matrons in Camden, looked her best at home for she was genuine in every sense, needing no aids of art to embellish her

beauty.

She greeted her friend with a genial warmth of manner, which was one her chief charms, as she said: "Mrs. Murray, it looks selfish to ask you to leave your own fireside on this cold night but I know how you love to favor a friend, and I'm such a coward since I had that fearful fright a few years ago that I feel a nervous dread when alone."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bryan, that I am delighted to have this opportunity for one of our chats which I enjoy so much," the visitor replied. "Bob and Bess are so tired from a long play outdoors that I couldn't keep them awake, and for several years past we haven't allowed a servant to occupy the back room upstairs, even if we could have induced one to do so," explained Mrs. Bryan.

"Why, I should think it would be quite convenient for you to have a servant remain at night in your house," Mrs. Murray said to her

friend.

Olivia replied: "So it would be, if conditions were now as they once were. Even twelve years ago, when I was married, I had none of this dread of the average negro's presence in the house at night, but for the past two years especially this race hatred has steadily grown until now we all realize the strained relations which, except in individual cases, exist between the whites and blacks."

"Of course, Mrs. Bryan, I know very little of this condition in my home, since my daughter and I take care of our own house and see our

laundress only twice a week."

Wishing to enlighten her friend further on the subject, Olivia went on: "As a southern girl whose parents have always kept servants, and as a close observer of human nature, I have watched this change in the negro race in the south and wonder to what crisis we are tending. The time was, Mrs. Murray, when in case of sudden danger, as of a runaway horse, or any accident, the negro man was the first to the rescue of his white friend and neighbor. Why, think of the change! One day, a short time ago.*

^{*}A true incident.

when Hugh and I stopped at Pleasure Park on an errand, our horse, Dandy, became frightened at a group of ostriches upon which we had suddenly turned. Dandy plunged madly, and it was with great difficulty that Hugh controlled him, while eight negro workmen stood under a shed, within twenty feet of the rearing horse. With our lives in danger, none of them made an effort to help us. I'll say, however, that they were strangers in Camden. Bad as some of our negroes are, I hope that few of them are as vicious

as these strangers."

"I must acknowledge that my present ideas differ very much from those I had before coming south," admitted the bright, fair-minded neigh-"My dear," she continued, "the joy of my life has ever been to say a word which would aid another, but I want to tell you of a rebuff I received from one of your colored citizens soon after my arrival here.* You know George Stevens, the negro merchant on Hickory street. One day while trading at his store, thinking that this man, who is quite intelligent, might derive some benefit from my suggestion, I asked him this question: 'Why do you colored men not demand of the government that it give you a state or section of country, where all your race could go and make a nation of which the world would be proud?" and here the little woman imitated with a serio-comic air the manner in which she had addressed Stevens. looked at me half amused, as he answered:

^{*}An incident related to the writer by a friend from Ohio.

'Mrs. Murray, you don't know much about colored folks, do you?' I was forced to say that I had not been south long and had received most of my knowledge of the negro from the northern newspapers. 'I thought you didn't know much about 'em,' he continued. 'Why, Mrs. Murray, the worst enemy that a prospus colored man has got is one of his own race! We has to stay 'mong the white folks to keep the mean niggers from killin' the good ones out,' said the negro philosopher. Since that time, you may be sure, that I have been slow in expressing any philanthropic views on the race question to the colored brother," concluded the merry woman, with a peal of laughter.

Joining in her mirth, Olivia remarked: "While they defame each other among themselves or to some supposed benefactor of the race, they're quick to resent any expression from white people about one of their own number,

even if he be a thief or murderer."

"I've noticed that and think it is their strangest characteristic. I'm glad I'm not compelled to keep help, for I'd be afraid to have some of the women in my kitchen.* Why, yesterday, while sitting on my porch behind the ivy vines, I heard two negro servants in conversation as they passed. One of the women was Mrs. Layton's cook, and she said to her companion, evidently referring to her employer: 'Never mind—the hateful old thing—I'll burn her biscuit for her in the mornin'!"

^{*}An incident in the life of a friend of the writer.

"And yet Mrs. Layton thinks she has a most excellent servant," was Olivia's sarcastic rejoinder. "That cook belongs to a vicious family.* When Bess was about four years old, I employed this woman's sister as a nurse. One Easter morning I sent my little ones to Sunday school in charge of this girl, Melissa, with instructions to leave them at the door in the care of some other children, with whom they would return home. Hours passed and she was still absent. I thought that of course Melissa had misunderstood my instructions and was waiting near the church for the dismissal of the morning services. When they finally reached home, the children's faces were streaked with coal dust and the pretty clothing soiled and unfit for further use. Upon my demanding what such conduct meant, the negro woman impudently replied that she had taken Bob and Bess to the service at her own church, and for a few minutes after the benediction she had played the organ while the children romped up the aisles and over the benches. Indignant, I asked if she had no sense of wrong at having destroyed their dainty clothing. What do you suppose her answer was? 'Why, they teach us in our Sunday school to ruin everything we can of the white folks, so as to bring them down so they'll be poor and common like us.' I could not believe such an unheard of story. Next morning I told my laundress, one of mother's old servants, what Melissa had said. Her reply was:

^{*}An incident in the life of the writer.

'She ought to be beat to death for tellin' it!' from which I realized the probability of the truth of the nurse's statements."

"You dismissed the girl?" Mrs. Murray asked

her friend.

"At once," said Olivia.

"You paid her the week's wages?" Mrs. Murray again inquired.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Bryan.

"And who paid you," said the shrewd little financier, "for the clothing and the time you

had taken to make it?"

"Oh," laughed Olivia, "I guess that mother would say my heart was warmed by the blood of southern ancestors. We feel that as employers we must overlook many faults of the negroes, condone their petty crimes and continue to be fair to them, even when they are unjust to us."

"That is the main fault," the just-natured neighbor replied, "of the southern housekeepers, at least among those of the better class; the negro servant gets the best of it from a busi-

ness standpoint."

"Mrs. Murray, I wish you could hear mother discuss the race and servant question. She takes her Bible as authority for every statement she makes. If she were with us to-night, she would open this Holy Book," here Olivia reached for a well-worn Bible which lay on the table nearby—"she would turn to the ninth chapter of Genesis, 25th, 26th and 27th verses; here it is: 'A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.' 'God shall enlarge Japheth and he shall

dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.' Then mother would read the third chapter of Genesis, where, for Eve's disobedience, God puts the curse on woman. And, Mrs. Murray," Olivia asked in an earnest voice, "what mother since the days of Eve, despite the skill and science of the centuries, has ever entirely escaped the curse of God? Mother would tell you further that, with the position of the negro forever sealed by His Word, no man or set of men can ever permanently make him the white man's social and political equal. But, ah! she would also say that all through this blessed Book God reckons man's servants next to his wife and children for care and consideration. And this is what the masters of the south did, with few exceptions, and both my parents have this feeling for their servants to-day. Father says that when the negro filled the place for which God ordained him, he was, in an humble way, a character for the world to admire; but now, out of that place, he bids fair to become hated among the nations."

As she spoke in emphatic tones, Mrs. Murray, looking with shining eyes upon her intelligent friend, said feelingly: "I'm glad that I've had an opportunity, through old Mahaly's love for you, to catch a glimpse of the old south in the relation of mistress and slave. Now, Mary Steele is a good negro woman. What do you think she told me when I engaged her for my laundress three weeks ago? With a pleasant smile she remarked: "Well, you'll find I won't

^{*}An incident in the life of the writer.

tear your clothes for you.' 'I hope not, Mary,' I replied. 'I dislike mending more than any other part of household work.' 'Oh,' she said, 'I mean I won't never tear 'em on purpose, like some of the niggers do, just 'cause you've got better things than they've got.' So far she has kept her word, and my washing is returned each week in perfect order."

"While she worked for me before marrying, Mary Steele had the best disposition I ever knew," was Mrs. Bryan's comment. "When I was so ill six years ago, she nursed Bess who loves her until this day, almost as well as she loves me. I would never have given her up, except that she married about the meanest negro

man in Harrison county."

"Mary thinks you put up the moon," declared Olivia's jolly little visitor. "I verily believe that the reason she seems to esteem me, as she does, is because I am Mrs. Bryan's next-door neighbor. But seriously, do you think it's right to allow a servant the liberty you have told me your mother allows her cook—that of taking the cold food every day, since no mention was made to that effect in the contract, when old Ellen accepted her position? Do you call that business? And is that encouraging the negroes to overcome their lack of honesty, which you claim, is their worst failing?" asked this earnest reformer.

"Well, you see, mother belongs to the old type of southerners and I believe she thinks that her cooks are entitled to all the cold food after the meal is over. Of course, they take pains

to have as much left over as possible. Bruce contends that one cook will carry away enough, with a pittance of her own added, to feed a dozen negroes and while they eat these good things, abuse the white people with a venom of which they alone are equal. Hugh says the reason there is so much crime in Camden is because cooks employed in good families feed these vicious blacks from the white man's table. the aid of many of their women this class of negro men are supported in idleness, thus giving them the opportunity to fulfill well the old proverb, 'Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do.' But I belong to the new regime of southern housekeepers and I will not knowingly keep a member of 'the basket brigade,' as Bruce calls it, in my service, though I'm sure most of my cooks find a way by which to defeat my watchfulness. Our last bill at Bradley's, the grocer, is larger than it has ever been before and I'm satisfied that during my recent illness my cook has been dishonest. Mother says I ought not to worry so, but I tell her that she can afford to be lax with servants as father has had money all his life. However, with me, circumstances are different, and when day after day the cooks carry off a little sugar, coffee and lard they are taking away Bob's college education and Bessie's music and foreign travel," concluded this original woman.

"Have you suffered much from dishonesty,

outside the kitchen, Mrs. Bryan?"

"When I was ill that dreadful year, and when the children were babies, there was enough stolen from me to fill this room. It was usually articles of minor value not worth having trouble to recover. However, a negro who nursed Bess stole my engagement ring," Olivia said.

"Did you recover it?"

"No. One of the detectives unwisely entrusted the secret to a negro man who was paid to help locate the ring, and of course he told the nurse that she was being watched. Consequently she disposed of the diamond. However, we did recover a pair of Hugh's cuff-buttons which the girl had stolen along with the ring."

"Does Miss Betty lose much in that way?"

Mrs. Murray inquired.

"Very little. The servants at father's home are afraid of Bruce Carleton. Whenever anything of value is missing, he talks at the breakfast table about Detective Harvey and soon somebody finds (?) the misplaced article. Then mother and Betty are so grateful to the servant who found the lost property; but most of the darkies are sharp enough to understand Bruce's sarcastic smiles. Hugh is so different and despises a sensation. He will say, 'Let it go, Olivia; I'd rather buy a new one than be worried'; so, you see, we are easy prey for the household thief."

"But, Mrs. Bryan, you don't mean that there

are no honest negroes?"

"I could not be so unjust; there are many honest negroes; but with the masses of the race the lines of honesty are loosely drawn. A few months ago, when one of my cook's associates had finished a year's term in the workhouse for larceny, his friends gave him a 'festibul'* where the newly released thief was the honored guest

of the evening."

"I heard of that 'festibul,' " laughed the visitor. "Wasn't it Lucy's beau—the girl who repaid your kindness by bringing a burglar to your house?"

"Yes, but you must remember, Mrs. Murray, that Lucy was of an unusually ungrateful nature."

"Humph," said the northern woman, in a tone of disgust, "it seems to me that ingratitude is a racial defect with the negroes. But I confess that I don't know how to deal with them."

"I, no doubt, comprehend their nature better," was Mrs. Bryan's comment. "You must always speak to them in a tone of command, kindly, of course but the note of authority must ever be present if you wish to control negro servants. I never say 'please' to them unless it is to ask a favor out of their regular line of duty, for which I thank them warmly. On employing a new servant, I always don my most becoming gown, then a few hours later I hurry into the kitchen to prepare a fancy dish—a dainty salad or delicious ice —and I have won her admiration and respect! Whenever occasion requires that I go among their settlements, I go with the air of the Queen of Sheba and Lady Bountiful combined. I give freely to them when they are in distress-food, fuel, medicine or any material comfort. I do this for them and while I don't expect appreciation, they know it pays to have me for a friend."

^{*}An incident in the life of one of the writer's servants.

"But they have no gratitude for the people who set them free—an old soldier of the Grand Army arouses no emotion in their hearts," cried

the patriotic Ohio woman.

"I have never heard a negro in the south speak a word of praise or gratitude about the northern soldiers," Olivia replied to her friend, continuing: "The case at the Orphanage is a good illustration of their lack of this virtue. Those negroes at the home knew that Mrs. Rand was a northern woman, a true philanthropist in every sense, and a friend to their race, yet at a just dismissal of the colored cook, they were ready to take the life of an innocent girl."

"That is the most heinous crime attempted

since I have been south," Mrs. Murray said.

"It is horrible," assented Olivia. "Mrs. Rand has suffered with insomnia ever since and Minnie is almost a nervous wreck. There is a strong undercurrent of indignation in Camden over this crime, and the murder of Frank Railey has not improved matters. But, speaking of Grand Army men, Virginia Thomson, Bradley's bookkeeper, told me a few days ago that her father and yours were comrades during the Civil War."

"Yes, they both belonged to the Ninety-ninth Ohio Regiment, and I've heard father say that the Union never sent a braver man to battle,"

she commented with warmth of feeling.

"I know he is a good citizen. Hugh says he's the most industrious man of his age in the county. He is superintendent of Oakwood Cemetery and considered an indispensable man in his business. And his daughter, Virginia, is a sweet, interesting girl," finished Olivia, as her hus-

band's step was heard on the veranda.

When Mrs. Murray arose to take her departure, she invited Mrs. Bryan to accompany her to a business meeting at the Orphanage, the

following Wednesday morning.

Olivia readily consented: "When I go to the city I must see Bradley about that big bill for the last month's groceries. Virginia is so correct in her accounts, I'm sure that my cook bought groceries for her own use during my illness at that time."

It is well in God's mercy that we cannot know what a day will bring forth, for the soul of Olivia Bryan would have recoiled in horror could she have foreseen the black crime which would darken the life of Virginia Thomson before the next Wednesday morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The factory owned by Carleton and Company was situated at Wilton, a suburb of Camden, in the shadows of Grand Mountain. On Tuesday evening, near the last of January, Bruce Carleton closed his office in the big factory building shortly after six o'clock to board the car for his home in the city. Nearing the station, he was stopped by a group of men who, in angry excitement were discussing a foul crime that had just been committed on one of the young women of their suburb. Virginia Thomson, a daughter of the superintendent of Oakwood Cemeteryherself bookkeeper for Bradley, the Main street grocer-had left the street car just before six o'clock, returning from work at the earliest hour at which she was free from the duties of her position.

With the freedom of the woman who relies on her own exertions for support and with the independence of the girl born north of the Ohio river, Miss Thomson was accustomed to walk alone from this station to her picturesque cottage home within the cemetery gates, a distance of less than two squares. A marble yard, surrounded by a plank fence, lay between these points and two electric lines passed there, with

a car due every ten minutes.

As the young woman hurried along in the gloom of the winter night, she was suddenly seized by the iron grasp of a negro man, and before she could give but one stifled cry for help—unheard in the homes nearby, at the busiest hour of the evening—a leather strap, thrown around her neck, choked her to help-lessness; the grip of a giant tossed her over the fence in the darkness—and the brightness and sweetness of life were over and a fate, worse than any death, had overtaken Virginia Thomson.

The black brute at once made his escape, though not before his victim had been able, by the light of a car in the distance, to see and note his appearance. Bruce, boiling with rage, could scarcely restrain his impatience as he waited with a crowd of gathering men for Sheriff Shipley, coming in haste at a telephone call with deputies and bloodhounds from Camden, four miles away. Arriving on the scene, at the earliest moment possible, the sheriff instructed his deputies to put the dogs on the trail of the negro, then hastened to the stylish, well-kept cottage, where the unfortunate girl made her home. Possessing a warm heart and courteous manner, this officer endeavored to lighten the grief of the horror-stricken family by assurances of sympathy and aid in the capture of the black fiend; but words of comfort and kindness at this tragic time fell dull on the ears of the listeners, and Captain Shipley, his heart wrung with sorrow, went back to the spot where the crime had been committed. Here the keen-scented dogs running back and forth in confusion, strange to say, refused to start a trail. Evidently the man, realizing that the blood-hounds would be used in his pursuit, had attempted to throw them off the scent by racing to and fro in a roundabout way, stepping at intervals on the stones scattered about the marble-yard. Therefore there was nothing the sheriff could do except return to the city, offer a reward for the negro's capture, and arrange for the deputies to begin a vigilant search the following day.

Early Wednesday morning Walter Hinton, a young foreman employed for the past ten years in an establishment near the Carletons' factory, went to Sheriff Shipley with the words: "I think, Captain, I can help you to find that black brute

you're looking for.

"Last night, as I was waiting for a car at the Wilton station, a negro man came up to me and asked me for a match, saying he wanted to light his cigarette. It was a very dark night, as you know, but giving it to him I saw his face in the light of the match as he turned away. I noticed he was carelessly twirling a strap around his hand. I don't know his name but he's one of the darkies who was working a short time ago on the Stone Church out there. I saw him two or three days ago, with three other men, going to work while I was on my way to the factory. My friends say they never saw anybody who can remember people like I can. I'd know that 'nigger' the minute I laid eyes on him, and I'd sure be glad to help you find him, not

only on account of that young lady, but for the sake of all the women of Harrison county."

Sheriff Shipley, expressing his thanks, gladly accepted the foreman's aid and gave his deputies orders to accord the young man every assistance, while he himself continued to hunt for the rapist in every direction. Then Hinton, accompanied by an officer, through four days of dreary January weather, searched the streets and alleys of Camden, in its slums and dives, for the negro criminal.

On the fifth morning the vigilant men were rewarded. As two negroes drove past, Hinton throwing his hand on the shoulder of the deputy, said softly: "There's the man, Murphy," and pointed to the one sitting on the left side of the buggy.

He proved to be Ned Jackson who, a short time before, had been at work on the Stone

Church at Wilton.

After the arrest, young Hinton said to the sheriff: "I prefer not to accept the reward for fear the negroes of the town will impugn my motives."

"I cannot allow that," Shipley replied. "This reward was offered in good faith, and if Jackson is found to be the guilty man, you must accept it. Think what would be the attitude of the vicious negroes of Camden when they learned that you had refused to take this reward on account of their opinion."

"That being your view of the matter, I'll accept it," replied this modest, upright citizen; one of that number who, living their lives earnestly

and faithfully in an humble way, has made the name of "American workingman" an honor

among the nations.

*On the following Tuesday upon opening his pay envelope, Walter Hinton found inside the full amount of his weekly wages. Supposing a mistake had been made, he inquired of the paymaster who said that he had been instructed by Major Pendleton to place the usual sum

in the foreman's envelope.

Major Pendleton, the chief owner of the factory, was a citizen who stood high in the regard of his fellow-men, being an interested worker in all public affairs. His title of major had been won in the Federal Army during the Civil War, and next to his home and church, this loyal old soldier loved his comrades of the Grand Army, of whose post he was the commander in Camden.

Hurrying to his employer's office, Walter Hinton expressed his appreciation of the financial kindness just done him. "Don't mention it," was the Major's reply. "I am only too glad to show a slight appreciation of your efforts in assisting Sheriff Shipley in the capture of the negro, Jackson. I am sure the right man has been caught. I know you, Hinton, for well it may be said, 'If you want to know me, come work for me.' A man of your retiring nature who has always shrunk from the public gaze, would never have offered your help, in such a service, without positive conviction of the negro's identity.

^{*}An incident that occurred in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in January, 1906

"Ten years in our employ have proven your honesty and integrity. I would be much pleased over the capture of such a wretch, under any circumstances," he added, looking on the face of the young man smiling with pleasure over his employer's praises; "but I am doubly gratified that one of our men should have been instrumental in effecting the capture of the assailant of that worthy young girl, a daughter of one of my comrades of the Grand Army."

An undercurrent of intense excitement had prevailed for four days throughout Camden. Within six weeks three dreadful and unprovoked crimes—two of them against women—had been committed by negroes in Harrison county and a reign of terror was controlling the town. The history of legal punishment in connection with the crime of rape in this community justified

such a condition.

Fifteen years before a negro man had attempted to assault a white woman on a lonely road beyond the river. He was arrested, speedily tried, and given the limit of the law, twenty-one years in the penitentiary. After serving for a short time he was released on the plea that a technicality of the law had been violated in his trial! At the next offence of a similar nature, a negro, Alfred Sharp, had been promptly hanged to the county bridge by a band of determined men.

Since the night of the assault at the Orphanage, few women would remain alone at home throughout the day unless they sat behind carefully locked doors; nor would they dare, unescorted, to walk the neighboring streets at dusk. Young girls were instructed, if returning from school during their mothers' absence, to spend

the afternoon hours in some nearby home.

* Little Bess Bryan, while visiting the Carleton home one afternoon, related to her grandmother and uncle an incident which had occurred that morning. "As I was going along the street to-day on my way to school, a negro man stopped and asked me, 'Where are you going, little girl?' 'To school,' I told him. 'Come, go with me,' he said, 'I've got a nice box of candy I'll give you.' But I remembered what mother had said to me and ran away fast as I could."

As she told the story in childish innocence, Uncle Bruce, his face aflame with horror, seized the little girl in his arms and endeavored to obtain a description of the negro's appearance. But Bess, in her haste and fright, was able to give only a vague account of the appearance of

the man who had thus addressed her.

Realizing the uneasy attitude among the citizens of Camden, Sheriff Shipley saw the necessity of removing Ned Jackson to a place of safety, and accompanied by some of his deputies, he took the brutish prisoner to Bainsville, a town one hundred and fifty miles distant, on the afternoon train. Bruce Carleton did not come to supper that night but telephoned his mother, saying he would be engaged with a party of friends until later in the evening. Betty had gone with Eugene Freeman to see the comedy star, Rose Melville, play "Sis Hopkins," in that inimitable

^{*}A true incident.

way which is her own special gift; and this serious-natured man enjoyed well the gay companionship of the merry girl who always chose

to look on the sunniest phase of life.

The old Colonel, absorbed in his evening paper, was lost in thought to the world, when Mrs. Carleton heard the courthouse bell ring the riot call. She had not heard it for fifteen years—since that night when the negro, Alfred Sharp,

was hanged on Harrison county bridge.

She telephoned the sheriff's office where a deputy, alert and courteous, usually responded to all inquiries. But no answer came to her call that night. By a complex arrangement of the town, the county's prison stood in the midst of one of the best residence portions of Camden, only six blocks distant from the Carleton home. Telephoning a friend in a square adjoining the jail, Mrs. Carleton learned that a mob of several hundred men had quietly formed with the avowed purpose of lynching Ned Jackson but when convinced of his presence in Bainsville, the enraged though orderly crowd had called for Ned Jones, the assailant of the girl at the Orphanage. Then the judge of the criminal court endeavored to convince them of the uselessness of an attempt upon the jail. However, despite this and other efforts, the determined men attacked the jail but were repulsed by the valiant deputies whom Sheriff Shipley had left in charge during his absence. The friend added that the mob still lingered, and another outbreak might occur at any moment.

Fearing to say a word to her high-spirited husband, Mrs. Carleton went to an upper room which looked in the direction of the jail—ah! she knew now who the party of friends were with whom Bruce would spend the evening. She listened eagerly for a sound from that direction but all was quiet; the rattle of a belated wagon or the soft fall of a horse's foot on the asphalt pavement was all that broke the silence. Then she prayed God to keep her son from doing harm to the wicked man that night, and if, by any chance, the wretched negro should be innocent, that his innocence might be clearly proven; but, as she prayed, she remembered her Heavenly Father is a just as well as a merciful God, and she asked Him, if the negro should be guilty, that a righteous punishment might await a man who, with so foul a crime, had darkened the life of an innocent girl. Then she crept softly to the telephone and again calling her friend, learned that the mob had disbanded.

With a womanly refinement that had always kept her from spying on the actions of the men of her home, she heard long after midnight, in the quiet of her room, the sound of her son's night-key in the door and his tired step on the stair.

Next morning the gentle mother saw Bruce come downstairs sleepy-eyed and weary. He addressed her and his father in respectful though non-committal tones; but spoke harsh words to lazy Dick, the stable boy who ran alert to do his bidding. The black maid Eliza looked

askance at the new "Mr. Bruce" who came to the breakfast table that morning, and her hands did swifter and defter work than they had ever done before, even in the Carleton service!

CHAPTER VIII.

And now strenuous days began for the officers and citizens of Harrison county. A feeling of unrest pervaded the community among both white and colored population. While the majority was convinced of Jackson's guilt yet some attached a possible doubt to his case, and the officers of the law were determined that he should have a just and honest trial. Sheriff Shipley had, on the day of arrest, hurried him to Bainsville with such dispatch that the victim of his crime had been unable to reach the jail in order to identify him as her assailant.

A few days later Miss Thomson, accompanied by Sheriff Shipley went to Bainsville to prove the identity of the prisoner. Here Sheriff Shipley resorted to an ingenious device that he might protect his prisoner. Placing Jackson and two other men around a table in the sheriff's office, he then inquired of the young woman if she had ever before seen one of them. She promptly pointed to the stolid Jackson, exclaiming:

"That's the man!"

The officers of the court in Camden set the trial of the accused rapist more than a month away, trusting that popular wrath might become subdued before that time.

On the day appointed for the trial, Sheriff

Shipley brought his prisoner back to Camden. At the depot they were met by the chief of police who, with a band of patrolmen and a guard of mounted officers preceded and surrounded the cab in which the brutish prisoner was seated by the sheriff's side while the valiant deputies formed a phalanx in the rear. In these precautions the white citizens saw the strong arm of the law around a prisoner in its care; but to the crowding multitudes of ignorant negroes, Ned Jackson was a conquering hero, coming to receive their praise and sympathy.

Thus protected, Jackson was driven to the courthouse, where armed guards patrolled its grounds and the adjoining streets. Before his arrival instructions had been issued that no citizen be allowed to enter here; so the various offices were closed—a county of ninety thousand souls must suspend business for a day that a specimen of the lowest type of humanity, arraigned for a deed, the most beastly in the calendar of crime should have a fair and impartial

trial at the hands of just and honest men.

Judge Russell of the criminal court had appointed three of the most able men at the bar to defend this pauper prisoner: Attorney Woolford, whose brilliant legal talents were known throughout the state, though many had impugned the methods by which he so often brought his clients' hopes to success; the second lawyer was a man high in the confidence of the people and in the councils of Camden's leading church; the third was known as an ambi-

tious and popular young attorney, rapidly rising to success at the local bar.

The jury had been carefully selected, being composed of men who had come to Camden from different sections of the Union. As Jackson's trial progressed, the victim of the foul crime told her story with a calm and sensible testimony which boded ill for the prisoner's welfare. Men sat in the court-room with downcast eyes and averted faces as the young woman recited the details of the vile deed. One juror, a man of strong, emotional nature, wrought up by the tragic aspect of the case and the duty he owed the prisoner, cried: "Young lady, be careful! Remember! you have a God to meet." Looking towards the emotional juror with that calm dignity which at a critical moment characterizes the women of her own section the wronged girl answered: "I would not have the blood of an innocent man upon my head. I know, sir, that I have a God to meet, and just as surely as I have a God to meet-just so surely do I believe this man committed that crime."

Next the young workman, Hinton, gave his account of the fated strap and the prisoner's presence near the spot a few minutes before the assault had been committed.

The lawyers for the defense, more than fulfilling the oath of their profession, and seeing before them in the future a long list of colored clients—the most profitable in Camden—used every art of ingenious, intelligent minds to break down and impugn the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution. Five negro men, known as Jackson's friends swore that he had been with them at "The Last Chance" saloon the moment the crime was committed at Wilton, a mile away; they had noticed the time of his presence there by the clock which hung on the wall of the saloon. But the state's attorney knew that the old timepiece had not been in running order for more than a year. Then the dauntless witnesses swore that on Tuesday evening they had noted the time of Ned Jackson's presence by the new clock which had recently been put into place.

But the state's attorney called the clock merchant and his workman to the witness stand, and by the record of their day books of January 26th proved the new clock had been placed upon the wall of the saloon on Thursday morning following Jackson's crime. The sinister motive for the purchase of the new clock was immediately seen by the jury and the infamy of the perjured wit-

nesses disclosed.

Again was Miss Thomson called to the witness stand, at the request of an anxious juror, that he might be reassured about her certainty of Jackson's guilt. She was a second time—her face now streaming with tears—compelled to tell the story of the vile deed in the presence of her brutish assailant; then the emotional juror who had at first cautioned the young woman to "be careful," now thoroughly convinced of the prisoner's infamy, said to the man by his side: "If I could get to him I'd tear his heart out now!"

In vain did the prisoner's counsel denounce

Hinton as "a perjured scoundrel." In vain did these lawyers attempt to confuse in the minds of the jury the identity of the two clocks on the wall of "The Last Chance" saloon, one of the lowest dives in Camden. In vain did they transcend their professional authority as lawyers in their unnatural zeal to prove an alibi for their brutish client.

But the jury had seen the handwriting on the wall—the handwriting of the clock by which the dauntless witnesses swore of Ned Jackson's presence—in "The Last Chance" saloon that fated Tuesday evening—the clock which had not been placed there before the following Thursday morning!

Yet so careful and conscientious was the charge of the judge on the bench, in the interest of the prisoner that the jury stayed out ten hours—ten hours—while the women of Camden waited in scorn and silent anger—dismayed that such a trial was possible in a land where honor for pure womanhood had been the vaunted boast of centuries!

But after ten hours' deliberation, the twelve just men filed back into the jury box and the foreman pronounced Ned Jackson "Guilty!"

Guilty—by the tearful testimony of his unfortunate victim. Guilty—by the tell-tale strap and the evidence of an honest, unprejudiced witness. Guilty—by the perjured lips of five of the lowest of his race who, seeking to prove an alibi for their fiendish friend only revealed their own infamy. Guilty—by the verdict of twelve intelli-

gent men, in truth and integrity the superior of those who, for their own winning to power or place have dared to impugn their honor. Guilty—of a crime so beastly that its perpetrator, in the eyes of all decent men, is regarded on a lower plane than the rattlesnake or the mad dog!

CHAPTER IX.

With Ned Jackson pronounced guilty the white citizens of Camden, expecting the speedy execution of the sentence, settled down well content that the law should take its course. Judge Russell refused Jackson a new trial, seeing no warranted grounds upon which to grant one; and Attorney Woolford, the main counsel for the defense, had declined to ask for a new hearing from the Supreme Court of the state.

But the negroes of Camden, rebellious and defiant, refused to consider the heinousness of the crime for which one of their number had been sentenced to death. It is doubtful whether the ignorant masses of their race, with their perverted moral nature, could comprehend its horror; and with a few noble exceptions the colored populace loudly declared Ned Jackson innocent, despite his clearly proven guilt. They denounced the over-zealous lawyers of this pauper client, claiming that in his hour of greatest need they had deserted him, when declining to ask a new trial before the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

Camden is a cosmopolitan town, its population being composed of people who, coming from various sections of the Union during its great financial boom twenty years previous, had changed its character from that of a typical southern city; and many friends and neighbors regarded the race question from a different point of view. One-third of Camden's inhabitants were negroes that for more than a score of years had been crowding to this place—their Mecca—from other southern states.

A tone of dissatisfaction even pervaded the servants of the Carleton home. The sulky housemaid, Fannie, filled with a strong race hatred, sat at the servants' table which was loaded with the best food of the season, and spoke low, bitter words about "the white folks who want to kill out all our people." Mrs. Carleton, realizing this change, gathered the reins of her household with a firmer hand, and the discontented servants yielded for a time to the renewed control of the mistress.

In the meantime, at Olivia's home, cooks came and went with the weeks. Resentment was abroad in the negroes' hearts; the fact that Judge Bryan was a republican officeholder and his wife a well-known friend of the poor and sick of their race had no power with them in their present defiant state.

Meanwhile, the light-hearted Betty sang and danced her way along, heeding little the tragedies enacted around her. In this southern home of the old type, one ambition of both parents had always been to give each of their young daughters a life of brightness and innocent gaiety—soon marriage would follow; then husband and home and children would be her portion for the rest of her life.

The merry girl, though non-committal as to her final intentions regarding matrimony, however, at times showed a preference for Ross Granville which still irritated her brother and far-seeing sister. "Bruce," said Olivia, one evening, as the two sat together in the Bryan home, "Betty has disappointed me for the first time in her life in continuing to prefer Mr. Granville to her other admirers. But I know that her fancy only is caught by the dash and charm of his magnetic nature. Besides, he's the most popular man among the girls in Camden, and makes love to Betty with a vim that's hard to resist."

"Which may be pleasant enough for the present," interrupted her interested listener. "A magnetic charm is all right for the lover but let my sister's husband possess the principles of manhood. I wouldn't give Eugene Freeman for a carload of men like Ross Granville," Bruce continued earnestly, as he again returned to the enthusiasm that always marked his conversation concerning this close friend: "Ross Granville is vain, selfish and jealous; while Eugene, though earnest and manly is as true and tender as a woman."

"But, Bruce dear," Mrs. Bryan returned, "you make a great mistake in persistently singing Mr. Freeman's praises to Betty. The heart of a young girl is a curious and complex thing. Your scorn of Mr. Granville only causes Betty to defend him and antagonizes her against your friend of whom you continually boast in her presence. Then, Granville understands a woman's nature and though showing his love and

preference for Betty, at the same time he isn't entirely indifferent to the charms of other women while Mr. Freeman pays devoted and exclusive homage to her. Why, he hardly looks at another girl if Betty's in the room! If he'd only show attention to some other girl, Betty would rouse from her indifference; for I know that deep in her heart she has a warm regard for Eugene Freeman."

"I swear," said Bruce, "you women are curious creatures. Paying attention to other women, during courtship, may seem right enough in a fellow but you howl like the devil if he even looks at another woman after he's married. Olivia, I've always said you had the brains of the Carleton family, but you have me mixed up this evening," Bruce added with a half-vexed air.

"At any rate," Olivia smilingly continued, "you will see that if you will speak pleasantly to Betty of Mr. Granville and more coldly of your friend, it will have a better effect."

"I can't say anything about this man I detest but I'll promise not to criticise him again—at least where she'll hear it—and I'd be willing to call Eugene the biggest rascal in Camden if that would make Betty love him," said the young man, loyally, as, bidding good-bye to his sister, he went home to prepare for a short trip out of the city that night. The Carleton Company, having just learned that part of a cargo of material for use in their factory had been misplaced, Bruce was going to New Orleans that he might endeavor to trace it.

A few days later the newspapers announced

that Hunter and Wallace, two colored lawyers, had left for Washington to present the case of Ned Jackson before the United States Supreme Court.

Little heed was paid to their departure, as it was supposed to be a scheme of the negroes which they hoped might excite public attention to Jackson's case, and scarcely a serious thought was given it. But Judge Bryan, in touch with the inner circle of court news, stopped at the home of his wife's father and repeated to him the rumor that Attorney Woolford, the most ingenious mind at the bar, after having himself drawn up the petitions to the United States Supreme Court, in behalf of the condemned prisoner, had instructed the colored lawyers how to proceed on their arrival in Washington.

"Woolford has done that, partly to capture the negro clientage in Camden but mostly for the sake of his own pride in his peculiar and successful achievements at the bar," Colonel Carleton observed, adding: "That's in his line of business."

"Colonel, do you believe there is any danger of the Supreme Court interfering in this matter?"

"I don't think that idea is worth considering." Then, after a moment of deeper thought, he cried, "No, never—the great and good men, chosen from the whole Union to sit in the highest tribunal of the land, will not interfere in the case of a rapist legally condemned to death by the court of a southern state." Then with awakened enthusiasm, the Colonel continued:

"Why, sir, when the United States declared war, in defense of Cuba, our southern boys marched to the rescue, side by side with their northern brothers. Our country, divided by one conflict, has been cemented by another. Never will this reunited nation fling back into the face of the south the same old questions that caused the Civil War—those of state's rights and the negro—and that negro—the rapist of a white woman—legally condemned to death by a state court of Tennessee," the old soldier exclaimed fervently; then went on, "You say, Hugh, that Woolford claims Jackson's constitutional rights have been violated. What grounds has he for such a proceeding?" the Colonel asked his son-in-law.

"On the grounds that there were no negroes on the jury," Hugh Bryan answered with a

smile, awaiting the wrath to come.

"No negroes on the jury—by Jove, sir—Woolford has insulted the whole south! Why, he knows as well as I do, that you couldn't find a negro murderer of another negro in this state who would consent to be tried by a jury of his own race," exploded the old Colonel in righteous anger. "He should have made that objection when the jury was empaneled. But on what other grounds, Hugh, does he base the claims of constitutional rights violated?"

"From the fact that one of the jury, in speaking of the prisoner, exclaimed: 'If I could get to him, I'd tear his heart out now!" the Judge

replied.

"Why!" exclaimed the old Colonel, "Jackson's attorneys did not object at the time to that re-

mark which was made just after the evidence was in."

"No," Hugh Bryan resumed, "I see Woolford was careful not to mention the first words of that same juror, when he cautioned Miss Thomson, while giving her evidence, to 'be careful.' never forget that impressive sight, when that shrinking girl, rising to the emergency of the moment with a self-possession almost grand, gave the emotional juror a dignified and convincing answer," the Judge commented as his kind, brown eyes filled with tears at the thought of the painful scene; then went on: "You know, Colonel, this juror, Allen, is a first-rate man but impulsive and easily excited. You remember that after he was convinced that Jackson was guilty he said, 'I'd tear his heart out now,' the words of which Woolford took an advantage to carry the case from the jurisdiction of Tennessee."

"And Miss Thomson is extremely modest and refined, too—I heard Bradley say that she was one of the most worthy women he'd ever known. Infamous, sir, the whole thing—but, at any rate, I'll guarantee that we'll have nothing to fear from the Supreme Court's decision," Colonel Carleton again affirmed.

"If it should decide to take up the case, goodbye to my hoped-for election to Congress, and the two winters in Washington that I've promised Olivia," said the republican Judge, as the two men parted.

CHAPTER X.

Bruce Carleton was still detained in New Orleans, looking after the lost goods of his firm, when his father, coming home from the factory at the noon hour met Sheriff Shipley on an incoming car. The latter had fought through the Civil War as a captain in Colonel Carleton's regiment, and these two had through the passing years been confidential friends.

The old comrades, discussing the events of the past few days naturally fell into conversation about the trip of the negro lawyers to Washington, where it was reported they had gone, instructed by Attorney Woolford, in order to make the claim before the Supreme Court that Ned Jackson's constitutional rights had been violated

at his trial in February.

"Joe," said Colonel Carleton, addressing the sheriff in his accustomed familiar manner, "Hugh Bryan says there is a rumor among court house circles that it is possible the Supreme Court will order a stay of execution in Jackson's case. However," the Colonel added, "I've hardly given the matter a moment's consideration."

"I've made every arrangement for Jackson's execution to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock," the sheriff returned, "and I've not yet received any news from Washington in reference to this

prisoner."

"I assure you, sir," the Colonel remarked with emphasis, "there'll be great surprise if this verdict of a state court is interfered with by the

highest tribunal of the land."

"As I said a moment ago," Shipley observed, "I've received no information in regard to this prisoner; but there can be no danger of mob violence until the fact will have become known that the hanging of Jackson has been postponed. If I receive such instructions from Washington, I will plan means by which the jail can best be defended in case of an attack to-morrow. You know, Colonel, that Ned Jackson is now a famous criminal. I don't think it would be safe to attempt to carry him to the jail of any neighboring town. True, I might succeed in slipping him away; but I feel an extreme delicacy and a just reluctance in asking the sheriff of another county to take care of my obnoxious prisoner for mob violence would now threaten him in any town in the state. You know with what vigor I have protected Jackson since his crime was committed, and also the diligence I have used to take care of Jones, the assailant of little Minnie Flynn. My wife has become much disturbed over the continued strain of excitement to which the duties of my office have subjected me this winter," Sheriff Shipley added, with a grave and wearied look on his usually genial face.

"I know, Joe, that you have done your whole duty," the warm-hearted Colonel said to the lifelong friend at his side as at this point in the conversation the car stopped at the corner which

was Shipley's destination.

On account of the absence of Bruce Carleton from the office work of the factory, Eugene Freeman was detained by business matters longer than usual on this afternoon in March. On leaving as he crossed the open space in which the building stood, he met two of the negro porters, Sam and Ben who, having completed their duties were departing for their homes. One of the negroes, Ben, called to his employer in a satisfied, congratulatory tone: "Oh, Mr. Freeman, I wants to show you somethin'!"

"Very well, Ben," the young man of New England replied, turning towards the porter with a pleasant reserve of manner in his distin-

guished bearing.

Ben then showed Eugene Freeman a copy of a small newspaper which a negro publisher was accustomed at various intervals to supply a small circle of readers. Across the front page of the nauseous, little sheet, big lines announced:

"NED JACKSON WILL NOT DIE TO-MORROW."

Then followed a flamboyant, braggadocio account of how the Supreme Court had ordered Ned Jackson to be held as a federal prisoner; that he would later be taken to Washington where his trial would occur in October, when the decision would be made as to whether or not his constitutional rights had been violated. This report was based upon a telegram said to have been sent from Washington by the negro lawyers Hunter and Wallace.

Freeman glanced over the paper with ill-concealed disgust as he noted the air of triumph on the faces of the negro porters.

"Ben," he remarked in an icy tone to the negro who had spoken to him, "would you have shown

young Mr. Carleton this paper?"

"Naw sir," promptly responded Sam, the other porter, "Mr. Bruce Carleton wouldn't 'low

no nigger to show him nothin' like that."

Ben quickly spoke in an apologetic tone: "Scuse me, Mr. Freeman, 'scuse me, I thought you folks from the north was allus glad to hear when one of our race gits out of trouble." But Freeman, with a gesture of contempt had turned

sharply away and walked onward.

As the car for the city was not yet due, Freeman went into the suburban drug store at Wilton for a cigar, and as he lit it on the porch he saw two young white men, who stood on the lower step reading a newspaper on the front page of which Freeman casually noted the same big head lines, "NED JACKSON WILL NOT DIE TO-MORROW," which he had just read in the paper given him by the negro porter. The two men were unknown to Freeman but glancing towards them he noted their low tones and earnest manner.

The men he saw belonged to that class of citizens, rugged-natured, strong-willed, stouthearted who loving their race and country, hold a regard for pure womanhood as the dearest principle of noble hearts.

As Freeman, a close observer of men and conditions rode his way homeward, he at first

thought of telephoning his friend, Judge Bryan, with regard to the report in the negro newspaper. Then attributing little importance to news from such a source, and with the New England instinct of minding his own business, he repaired to the Phoenix club where he found a letter from Bruce Carleton, informing him that having located the lost cargo he would reach Camden the following morning.

Meantime, little Bess Bryan being ill, Mrs. Carleton had gone to her daughter's home in Ridgway leaving the Colonel alone with Betty at the supper hour. The beautiful girl enjoyed her father's presence with a mixture of deferential love and good comradeship in her charming manner; but an engagement with Ross Granville to a box party carried the care-free, happy girl among her circle of admiring friends.

Colonel Carleton was alone in the library, enjoying a quiet evening with his books and magazines, when Hugh Bryan entered with a look of

suppressed excitement on his face.

"Good-bye to my election to Congress and Olivia's two winters in Washington," he said half gaily but with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" his father-in-law asked with a sinking heart as he thought of his conversation with Bryan a few days since as to the expected decision of the Supreme Court in the Jackson case.

"It is reported on the streets," the Judge returned, "that instructions were sent from Washington this afternoon to hold Jackson as a federal prisoner until further investigation into his case. Eugene Freeman told me a few minutes ago he saw news to that effect in the negro paper, "The Pruning Knife" which, you know, is occasionally published in the event of anything of special importance affecting the negroes. You know, Colonel, that the jail is accessible from three streets, and to-night, between eight and nine o'clock while Sheriff Shipley was still at home after supper and the deputies, except the usual guard, were off duty, as was customary at this hour twenty-five men, coming from diferent directions, stole silently into the jail, overcame and disarmed the guard, and, securing the keys, took Jackson from his cell. They also overpowered the sheriff as he was returning to the jail. Then these men silently hurried Jackson down the street four squares away and hanged him to Harrison county bridge. He got what was coming to him, Colonel. But I'm sorry for the way it came," the Judge added, finishing his story.

"Yes, burning is too good for a hellish brute like him," cried the Colonel, "but the law, Hugh

-the law.

Bryan came close to his father-in-law's side, and showing him two letters, said: "Colonel, I've been offered the certainty of the nomination for Congress from this district, and I believe that with your help and Olivia's I could have been elected; but now no republican can meet success this year in Harrison county. It is too hard," he added with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, "that as soon as the Republican

Party begins to get on a fair basis in the south up comes the kinky-head and down the whole

fabric goes.

"I was coming from a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce when I heard the news of the lynching. No sir, I can't possibly stay," Bryan added, in reply to the Colonel's request. "Bess is sick and I wouldn't have come in town at all but the mayor was anxious that I be present at the meeting to-night, and Olivia dislikes for me

to neglect any public duty."

Left alone, Colonel Carleton sat with a sad and anxious heart and gazed into the library fire. His mind ran lightly back to his home on the old plantation in south Georgia, when Joe Shipley, some years his junior, was the friend of his boyhood days. He thought of the years of their early manhood when, with merriment in their hearts, they had enjoyed the companionship of the beautiful girls and gallant youths of their circle; of that day when, amid the tears and cheers of the little neighboring village, with the other boys in gray, they rode away together to fight for the land they loved.

Well, too, he remembered in the stormy years which followed, his close comradeship with the brave, chivalrous Shipley. And, now he saw him striving with the strenuous duties of sheriff in this crime-infested town of Camden, his brown hair threaded with gray, his blue eyes still flash-

ing the fire of youth.

Then again the old Colonel dreamed as he recalled to mind the faithful slaves whom he had left in charge of the old plantation. He thought of those sad days when a grievous wrong was done in his country, when the nation gave to an ignorant child-people the rights of citizenship, of which they had little comprehension. thought of the new and alien race with hatred in its heart which through the passing years had come to take the place of his loyal slaves and faithful servants, and with a throb of anger he thought of the frequent occurrence of this fearful crime against women—a crime unknown among the negroes of another day in the south. He remembered with a shudder that sad incident in the life of his own loved Olivia, caused by the fright from a negro brute. He thought of the motherless girl, attacked by a fiend in the Orphanage that December night, within two squares of his own dear home; and of the latest victim, Virginia Thomson, one of that noble host of working women who, sharing the burdens of a livelihood with fathers and brothers, has gone from the sheltered life to the grind of the business world.

With horror he thought of the dread fate she had met from the lust of the negro, Jackson—when returning home alone in the darkness—and his blood seethed hot with the same righteous wrath which had sent the nervy men to the jail that night.

But that night the law had been disregarded in Camden! And the old man bowed his head

in deeper thought.

As master of the old plantation, as commander of his brave regiment, as father of a well-trained family, as a just and generous employer of hun-

dreds of men and women he held that respect of authority and the love of law and order were near to the love for God Himself.

But as he pondered the memory came of another lesson which had been taught him in the days of his gallant youth—that on the virtue of its women must the fate of a nation rest; that resentment against an insult to that virtue is the test of a noble manhood. He thought of his honored wife whom for thirty-five years he had loved and cherished; of his bright Olivia, of her happy and useful life; of the little granddaughter who had come to bless his declining years. He thought of his darling Betty who filled his life with joy.

He thought of the homes of Camden, now guarded as warriors guard their citadels from

the attack of an alien foe.

And the heart of the old commander throbbed first with the love of his home and dear ones—"our women must be protected," he cried—"pro-

tected at any cost!"

Then he looked towards the library table, where his old family Bible lay, and versed in the lore of its pages he remembered that the same God who had said, "Obey thy rulers," had also said, if a man by force despoil a maiden, "he must surely be put to death."

CHAPTER XI.

"God Bless You All, I Am Innocent" were the startling words which stared in the faces of the people of Camden on the front sheet of the morning paper, the day following the lynching of Jackson. These were the headlines of a graphic and exaggerated report of the rapist's tragic death—the report that aroused the sudden and violent feeling of race hatred among the negroes which threatened Camden with a riot, that disturbing day following Jackson's death.

It has been denied that these words were ever uttered. It is claimed that they originated in the fertile brain of the business editor of the morning paper—that newspaper whose inconsistent theories and contradictory opinions have made it an anomaly in southern journalism.

More than a thousand negro men failed to report for duty at the shops and foundries that morning. All was quiet on the surface but the sullen, defiant faces and low mutterings of discontent showed the state of suppressed excitement and indignation among this turbulent race, so easily incited to wrong-doing by those of higher intelligence.

However, the white men of Camden were easily equal to the emergency which threatened, and prepared for a defense of the town against any attempted riot. The jails, the workhouses and police headquarters were guarded by extra forces of men.

The word was quietly passed around that men with families must stay by their own firesides; while the young men and those who had no homes to protect would go to the armory that night.

Bruce Carleton with shoulders squared and head poised high walked the streets of Camden with a soldierly air and welcomed the coming

danger.

Judge Bryan, in the unguarded suburb, invited Mrs. Murray, his little Ohio neighbor—in her husband's and daughter's absence—to share the protection which he would give his wife and children in his own sweet home, always the

centre of his adoring heart.

As night approached, Colonel Carleton walked the floor of his spacious hall with restless steps and longed for the days that were no more. The women must be protected and Bruce must go with the young men to the armory that night. The father thanked God for the noble son whom he was not ashamed to have follow in his own footsteps. But while he thanked God for His goodness the old Colonel still paced the hall with restless strides and longed for the days that were gone.

But down town, in his bachelor quarters, Eugene Freeman sat, lost in deepest thought. He had been kindly welcomed to Camden where so many of his own section had come to make their

homes, and he liked well his warm-hearted southern friends.

But the laws of heredity and training are rooted deep in the human heart, and the blood of abolitionist fathers flowed in this young man's veins; and, as he deliberated, he noted with keen scrutiny the conditions here as he had seen them with the eye of an experienced man of the world.

He saw the negroes of Camden enjoying the same public rights and comforts as their white neighbors-with the exception of the ever-forbidden right of social equality. He saw their fine churches built with aid from the white man's pocket; he saw their splendid schools maintained by the white man's taxes. The same comforts awaited them in the hospitals and public institutions. He saw good wages paid for unwilling and incompetent service; and he had often wondered at the easy indulgence with which the southern man was accustomed to regard the negro's lapse of business duty. saw the alleys and the byways of Camden crowded with hordes of ignorant, vicious negroes, and fearful crimes committed against defenseless women.

He knew now what was meant by the white man's burden, and his just nature acknowledged the wrongs of a long-suffering, magnanimous people.

He thought of his friends, of the Carleton family; of the stately home which had said to him, "You are welcome within my portals," when far from his own home and kindred. He

thought of the gentle, high-bred mother, her love of humanity throbbing with every pulsebeat; of the gracious, warm-hearted woman, the wife of whom his friend, Hugh Bryan, was so fond and proud. He thought of the beautiful Betty, the girl of the care-free heart and noble soul, whom he hoped—in spite of the odds against him—he might yet call his own, and he knew why womanhood had evermore been the strongest power of this land of his adoption.

His New England conscience was awakened, his keen perception saw the truth as it lay before him, and this man, with the brave and earnest soul took his gun in his hand and walked side by side with Bruce Carleton to the armory that

night.

CHAPTER XII.

But no violence disturbed the peace of Camden that memorable night. Next day telegrams from the Federal authorities and reported accounts of the intended action of the government at Washington roused a sentiment of confidence and triumphant expectation among the negroes.

The funeral of Jackson was conducted from the leading negro church with prayers and song and high praise of the dead man's character. In their natural credulity and the strong unreason of their illogical minds, the negroes saw in the protest of the Federal authorities against the action of the so-called mob a championship of their own race in opposition to the white people.

During the services on the occasion of Jackson's funeral an exultant leader cried out, amid noisy amens, "Praise the Lord, brother,* the President is on the way to us now." Thousands of well-dressed negro men and women thronged the church and adjoining streets to pay their respects to the memory of the dead rapist, a negro almost unknown, except in the dives and slums of Camden.

A long procession of the best turnouts of the city livery establishments carried eager hundreds

^{*}An incident which occurred on the occasion of the funeral of a negro rapist in Chattanooga, Tenn., March 21st, 1906.

in an almost triumphal march, three miles down the main residence street, past the Carleton home to the negro cemetery, in the ridges east of the city limits.

From every quarter came reports of dissatisfaction and rebellion on the part of the negro labor in the shops, foundries, and homes of Cam-

den.

At one place a negro man heard his white fellow-workmen discussing the rapist's crime.

* With the grovelling instinct of the lowest of his race he muttered: "I don't blame Jackson a bit. I'd do the same thing myself any time, if I had the nerve to do it." With threats of dire vengeance if he dared repeat these words, the white workmen seized the offending negro, hurried him to the nearest railway station and paid his fare to a distant point with a stern command that he should never return to Camden.

Meantime in the Carleton home dissatisfaction, even mutiny, reigned for the first time in the memory of its placid mistress. The morning following Jackson's death as Bruce was passing through a hall situated in the rear of the house near the kitchen he saw the housemaid, Fannie, with Jennie, the laundress, Dick and Eliza around her, lift her hands high and her eyes flash hatred as she said in blasphemous tones:

* "Maybe God Almighty knows best but if I had my way He'd strike every one of the white

folks dead at one time."

^{*}These two incidents occurred in Chattanooga, Tenn., March 20th, 1906, the morning following the lynching of a negro rapist.

Bruce walked swiftly to the sitting-room to his mother's side. His face was white with anger and his hands clenched in indignation. He told her of the scene, then added: "Mother, dismiss that woman this moment. She has been well fed, well paid and well treated here. You are too good to her, and Betty treats her almost too kindly. I only wish that Dick had said these words, that I might thrash him within an inch of his life!" the young man exclaimed as the wrath of his forefathers rose in his blood. The calm and dignified mistress lost no time in obeying her son's request and in a few moments the venomous Fannie had gone from the service of the Carleton home.

At the breakfast table Bruce spoke to his father of Eugene Freeman's presence at the armory the night before. Colonel Carleton's face grew radiant as he said: "A man, sir—a man who, seeing the right, knows it, and knowing the right, does it. Why, Harry Shipley himself could have done no better," added the Colonel with a lingering fondness in his tone, for the son of his old comrade was his prime favorite among his daughter's suitors.

Coquettish Betty heard with a coy smile of pleasure her father's praise of the manly Freeman, who had loved her for three years in patience and sincerity. She knew whose influence had stirred the Puritan conscience and sent the noble son of New England to the armory with Bruce.

When his sister had left the room, Bruce remarked: "I promised Olivia not to speak unkindly of Granville again, in Betty's presence. He was at the armory last night, but I heard him complaining of Sheriff Shipley and denouncing Jackson's lynching. 'Why did you come here?' I asked him. 'Because it was expected that I should come with the rest of the boys,' he answered. He was the only man there who did not show a keen interest in every event that occurred last night. What's the matter with Granville, father?" Bruce inquired in a tone of vexation.

"Son, Granville's family are in the political ring that is opposing Shipley's nomination for sheriff, which you know occurs in ten days," the father replied, as the two men left the table.

As the week passed, the excitement among the negroes over Jackson's death seemed to increase. Like many others, Mrs. Carleton's patience was taxed to control the once tractable servants in her employ.

From one source, however, there came an expression of sentiment, cheering to these good people of the Carleton home to whom the negroes of their acquaintance owed so many debts of kindness.

Willis Snow had years before been a stable boy in the Carleton service. Bruce, seeing the negro's worth, had secured him a position in one of the big foundries of Camden. Year by year, with punctuality, faithfulness and respectful demeanor, had this dark-skinned son of toil gone, in and out, at his work at the big foundry, winning the trust of his employers and the secret envy of those of his own race who, less worthy,

worked by his side. Only once had he lost time in years of patient labor, when he lay sick with a long siege of fever, and in that hour of distress many a needed dollar had found its way to his humble home from Bruce Carleton's

pocket.

Sunday afternoon following Jackson's death this young negro appeared on the kitchen porch of the Carleton home with the request that he might speak to Mr. Bruce. Neatly dressed in his "Sunday clo'es," sinewy, straight, and strong, he stood the type of the most worthy of his race.

"Mr. Bruce," * he said, "I wants to ask you somethin'."

"All right. How can I help you, Willis?" inquired the genial Bruce as he looked in kindly confidence on the pleasant brown face before him.

"It's about Ned Jackson's lynchin'," Willis replied. "The niggers at the shop was talkin' yistiddy 'bout it; an' I told 'em that that young lady hadn't never done Jackson no harm, and if he was guilty I didn't blame the white men a bit. Then Mr. Bruce, they tried to whup me, and called me 'a white folks' nigger."

Bruce explained to the honest negro in simple, concise language the details of Jackson's crime

and trial.

"Thank'ee, Mr. Bruce," said Willis. "I'll tell them niggers in the mornin' that Mr. Bruce

^{*}A conversation which occurred between a worthy negro man and a prominent citizen a few days following the lynching of a negro rapist in March, 1906.

Carleton says Ned Jackson's guilty—an' I don't take back nuthin'—an' I don't blame the white men a bit." Then he went down the back steps of the Carleton home with a resolute air which boded ill for the one who would dare dispute him.

CHAPTER XIII.

The democratic nomination for the office of sheriff had been set for March 29th, ten days after Jackson's death. It was a three-cornered fight since two other popular men were also candidates, and in behalf of these an attempt was made to prejudice the public against Sheriff Shipley on account of the rapist's lynching. No definite news concerning the action of the Federal Government had been received but the negroes still bore themselves with an air of confidence and triumph as they passed among the white citizens of Camden.

One bright spring morning Betty, coming in from a shopping tour found Olivia at her father's home for the day and her brother present at the dinner hour. When the young girl entered the room her face wore a comical look of merriment mingled with indignation as she said: "Bruce, what do you think? As I was crossing Duncan street, on the way to town, I passed a crowd of little darkies on the sidewalk, none of them more than twelve years old.* When I went by, the largest one of them looked at me with an insolent air and said, 'Anyhow, they are goin' to hang Sheriff Shipley.'"

^{*}An incident in the life of one of the writer's family.

"The little imp of Satan!" Bruce cried with a flash of anger which quickly changed to a laugh at the sight of Betty's face. "I wish I could get my hands on the wretch who said such words to that little darkey—'hang Sheriff Shipley'—the devil!"

"Yes," flashed Olivia, "they'll hang him all right—the true men of Harrison county will tie him with blue ribbons to the sheriff's desk."

"Quite right, Olivia," said Bruce to his thoughtful, earnest sister. "You see the necessity of the re-nomination and reëlection of Captain Shipley to the sheriff's office this year. The negroes are claiming that Shipley assisted at Jackson's lynching. No amount of facts was ever able to combat a negro's opinion about a supposed wrong done one of their race by the white folks. They think the captain's reëlection means mob law for a like offence, and his defeat, in their minds, would signify the sheriff's connection with the mob, even the condoning of Jackson's crime."

"I have already told Hugh that if the white republicans of Harrison county would do their duty by the women of this county, they would give Captain Shipley a clear path to the sheriff's

office," Olivia said in emphatic tones.

"That's too strong, sister," her brother replied. "You can't destroy every law of political ethics even to elect Sheriff Shipley. Hugh Bryan is the broadest-minded republican and the best-natured man in Harrison county or he would have resented such a remark."

"I want Captain Shipley to win as much as

you do, Olivia," Betty interposed. "He's the victim of injustice; he's one of our best friends in Camden, and he's Harry Shipley's father—but, if we were all fire-eaters like you and Bruce, the world would soon be consumed."

"I'd rather be a fire-eater than a milk-sop, like some of our good democrats of Harrison county," was the brother's quick return as he gave Betty a genial smile, a tribute to her more gentle nature.

With the feeling of resentment that now prevailed among the negroes in Camden, the servant question became each day more trying. Mrs. Carleton, patiently bearing the new situation, endeavored to control it with renewed efforts of dignity and kindness combined; but in vain! Insolence, defiance, careless, indifferent service were her rewards. Jennie, the laundress, had already sent an impudent message by a flippant girl of fifteen: * "Maw says yer can git yer another wash-lady nex' Monday. She don't 'tend to work no more fer de white folks dis year. Maw says dat de colored ladies say dey's goin' to make de white women sweat dis summer."

The poison of this spirit had become instilled into those less defiant, and soon the lazy Dick and once good-natured Eliza followed the unworthy Fannie and Jennie out of the Carleton service. Only Ellen with the wisdom of the old-time darkey still guarded her place in the Carleton household from the designs of all newcomers.

^{*}Message sent one of the writer's friends by a negro laundress, June, 1906.

The patient mistress needed all her forbearance and ability to guide her through this unusual crisis in the history of her home-making.

One of the many steam laundries of Camden did Jennie's work; Bruce's horse and the carriage team were sent to Blunt's stable, where a master spirit, by fear and judicious kindness, dominated the negro help of his establishment. Mrs. Carleton applied herself to the most necessary duties of the handsome home, assisted by dainty Betty who essayed to do her share. But the daily tasks seemed burdensome for the young girl's delicate strength, and as she was wearily striving to sweep the upper hall in the heat of an early spring morning, old Ellen, with arms akimbo, appeared on the back-stairs landing. "Gimme dat broom, chile," she commanded in a "'Tain't Miss Betty Carletone of authority. ton's place to sweep floors. It's her place to have a good time! Course, the day'll come, honey, when you'll learn all right, like your maw and Mis' 'Livia. Mis' 'Livia done jes' like you when she was a young lady, and, Lawdy! now she's the smartest 'oman I ever seen in a house, 'cept it's ole miss herself," said the loyal old cook, using her favorite terms in speaking of Mrs. Carleton.

"Then," she continued, "I 'spects to do all de work in dis house myself, 'til the niggers gits out of the fit dey're in. Your maw won't tell me to do it, but I knows I'll not lose nothin' by it. Nobody never struck a extry lick for her yit dat dey didn't get der pay. Run on, honey, to where you b'long," she added, and taking the broom

from Betty's willing hands, she pointed to the young girl's dainty room at the other end of the hall.

Then Betty, smiling and bowing her thanks, danced merrily back to her lounging place and ate Harry Shipley's bon-bons while she read Freeman's book and looked on Granville's flowers.

So did Betty smile her way through life and dance into the hearts of loving friends about her

But that afternoon when old Ellen, in her little house in the alley, opened the big basket she had brought from the Carleton home, she found tucked away in one corner a bag of candy for her little grandchildren and a big bow of new ribbon for her youngest daughter "Dat's jes' like Miss Betty. Didn't I tell you chillun she's the bes' young lady in Camden?" the old cook said, as she put the coveted candy into the little dark hands eagerly stretched to receive it.

"Butterfly Betty," they called her—but later in the afternoon while she was gaily entertaining a party of young men friends in the reception hall, little Bob Bryan came in with a deep gash on his forehead which he had received on the baseball grounds as captain of the "Little Stars." When strong-armed Ellen screamed in dismay and Mrs. Carleton herself grew faint with a constitutional weakness, it was Betty who washed the blood from the flowing wound while one of the young men telephoned for medical aid. It was Betty who held the hands of the frightened boy and cheered him with tender words while the surgeon sewed the gaping cut.

And, a few days later, this little, brave, bad Bob came home with a broken arm from the forbidden game of football. Judge Bryan was out of town and Olivia ill with one of her neuralgic attacks. It was Betty who cheerfully cancelled an engagement with Harry Shipley for a dance at the Mountain Inn and sat all night with the sleepless boy, beguiling the weary hours with incidents of her own merry childhood and recounted again the war stories she had heard at her father's knee. It is this gay irresponsibility of the southern girl—then her brave meeting of an emergency—that make her such a charming paradox.

CHAPTER XIV.

The three, cornered fight for the democratic nomination for sheriff was waged with eager interest, even bitterness, towards its close. Through the country districts, men whose homes lay far apart in obscure, unsafe locations as a rule opposed Shipley's nomination because he had so diligently protected Ned Jackson by taking him to Bainesville when it was feared that a mob might vent its fury upon the obnoxious prisoner before his trial.

Again, one of the candidates was a leader among the laboring element and a man to whom many of the men of the county were indebted

for past favors.

But the thoughtful citizens, seeing the reasons which underlay the necessity for Sheriff Shipley's election, redoubled their efforts and on March 29th, near midnight, Bruce Carleton telephoned Olivia that Captain Shipley had been

nominated for sheriff of Harrison county.

The case of Ned Jones, the assailant of Minnie Flynn, had already been tried and this would-be rapist had been sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary. The cases of the treacherous cook and housemaid at the Orphanage were later dismissed, owing to the sudden death of Detective Harvey, the main witness for the prosecution.

Then came the glad news from Washington that the Federal authorities would not interfere with the decision of a court of Tennessee. Once more quiet was restored in Camden and the disturbed feeling between white and colored was

partially calmed.

"Bruce," said Olivia to her brother, in one of their usual confidential chats, "Hugh told me he heard Ross Granville saying that he intends to vote against Sheriff Shipley in the coming August election. Now, why do you suppose he objects to the Captain?"

"You can search me for a reason and find none, sister, why any sane man in the south can

vote against him," Bruce replied.

"Hugh says Captain Shipley certainly knew nothing about the purpose of the nervy men-I'll never call them a mob-to enter the jail and lynch Jackson that night. I think he ought not to be blamed for what he was powerless to prevent."

"We all know Shipley was ignorant of the intention of those men, but-by George, if he had known it, I'd vote for him just the same,"

young Carleton exclaimed in enthusiasm.

"Well," concluded Olivia, "I like to see justice done in all things. These accusations against our sheriff will only make the women champion his cause more earnestly. A woman will stand by a man of her family or community when she believes he has been unfairly treated."

The early southern spring was advancing, and Mrs. Bryan was busy with many additional household tasks of the coming season. A competent seamstress had, for years, assisted in the family sewing—a negress with a strain of white blood—who, by honesty, industry and respectful manner, had won the confidence of the best white women in the city. Caroline Taylor was always eager to begin her work at the home of the Judge's wife whom she held as her ideal of

all that was good and true in womankind.

Prompted by a yearning for the views of those beyond her station and with the liberty of a long acquaintance, Caroline would ask information of Mrs. Bryan about the current topics that concerned Camden. Maintaining that delicate exclusiveness of inequality that the high-bred southern woman shows in the presence of the negro, Olivia would gratify the seamstress' respectful wish for knowledge. Being keenly interested in the notorious Jackson case, Caroline requested her broad-minded employer to explain the cause of the recent trouble. Olivia readily complied, giving a concise, detailed statement of the facts as she understood them. But material effects are what the negro mind can grasp, and Caroline replied in tones of earnest conviction,* "The white people of the north can't do our race no worse harm than to take the part of a 'nigger' like Ned Jackson."

The colored seamstress always ate her dinner with the cook at the servants' table in the cool alcove of Mrs. Bryan's well-appointed kitchen. One day, at the noon hour, Olivia, ever busy, went to the pantry in order to prepare a dainty dessert, one of her husband's favorite dishes,

^{*}A true incident.

for the evening meal. Standing there at work she heard the cook and the seamstress talking, but paid no heed until suddenly she caught the name of Betty Carleton on the lips of the servants.

"Yes," the seamstress was saying, "Mis' Betty Carleton favors ole mistis' an' Mis' 'Livia an' Mr. Bruce is more like the Colonel. I've knowed Mis' 'Livia Carleton ever since she was a schoolgirl. I he'ped make her weddin' clo'es when she married Jedge Bryan. No finer white lady ever lived 'cept it's her maw and Miss Betty. She'll pay you well and praise you high if you do right, but if you try to impose on her and treat her wrong, you'll never get another lick of her work and what she'll say 'll be a-plenty."

"I know that," the cook replied. "Mis' Bryan's as good a white 'oman as I ever worked fer, and her sister, Mis' Betty, is sho' a sweet young lady. Old Ellen says she 'specs Mis'

Betty'll be marrin' fo' long herself."

"Which one of her beaux did Ellen say she's

goin' to marry?" Caroline eagerly inquired.

"Mr. Ross Granville, that rich young white man what rides round here in his autymobile

so grand," was the cook's reply.

"Lawd have pity, woman," the seamstress exclaimed in astonishment, "Mis' Betty Carleton wouldn't have him. That young white man ain't no' count."

"What do you mean, Mis' Taylor?" the cook

inquired eagerly.

"Ask that good-lookin' yeller girl that lives back of me on Columbus street, and she can

tell you more about Mr. Ross Granville than I can," Caroline answered in sarcastic tones, then refused to speak further of the matter in spite of her friend's entreaties.

Olivia stood, overcome with shame and amazement at the accidental overhearing of this conversation. Throughout the afternoon she endeavored to forget the occurrence; but from twenty years' acquaintance with Caroline Taylor she knew there was no malice in her heart towards any of the white race. She believed that no love of vulgar gossip but rather a kindly interest had caused her to divulge this secret in an unguarded moment of companionship with one of her own race.

The family believed Granville to be Betty's favorite suitor, but none of them knew to what extent her affections were entangled; and Olivia, debating between a possible injustice to the young man in question and the duty she owed her sister, slept with a troubled heart that night.

Silent to the other members of the family, she sought an opportunity when alone in her brother's presence to mention the ever-sore subject of Ross Granville's opposition to Sheriff Shipley's reëlection. The following Sunday afternoon, while Bruce was visiting at her home, she inquired of him:

"Have you heard yet why Mr. Granville op-

poses Captain Shipley's election?"

"He claims on the score of Jackson's lynching; but I have always felt that there was an inner reason," the young man answered.

"Could it be a sentimental motive?" Olivia ventured, in a meaning tone, with eyes averted.

"Tell me what you mean," asked Bruce eagerly, his keen glance searching his sister's face.

With downcast eyes, ashamed to meet the frank, manly gaze of her brother, she told him of her aroused suspicions concerning Granville's morals. "I wouldn't be surprised at the truth of any report about that fellow, Olivia. I know now how a woman feels when she can say 'I told you so;' but such a serious charge must first be proven. No man I know would care to be responsible for the proofs of such infamy. Besides, I dare not mention this subject to one of Granville's friends on account of Betty's feeling for him."

"Ah!" Olivia replied, "well do we women know about that brotherhood among men of the world which makes them shield each other from the exposure and consequences of their favorite

sins."

"Not all men, sister; a fellow must be counted innocent until he is found guilty," young Carleton commented with an air of protest.

"Oh, I didn't mean our men, Bruce—not you nor father nor Hugh," returned Olivia with a

woman's loyalty to her own.

"I'm at a loss what to do," the brother said. "Unless we can prove our statements, Betty'll be furious and I don't know any one I could approach on the subject," and a look of misery and helplessness came over his noble face.

But Olivia drew her friends from all classes. Years before, there had lived on a humble street of Ridgway a young working man, burdened with the tender care of an invalid wife; and Mrs. Bryan, in friendship, not in charity, had interested herself in the case of the suffering one.

The physician of the Carleton and Bryan homes was a surgeon of noted skill who spent his life in doing good for others. Through Olivia's interest this surgeon had, at a nominal cost to the husband, transformed the invalid into

a strong and happy woman.

The young workman was now a patrolman on the police force of Camden. This patrolman—as big of heart as body—had ever sought a way in which to express his gratitude. The little daughter who had come to bless his home he had named Olivia Carleton. When Judge Bryan was a candidate for office on the republican ticket, the big patrolman, though holding a democratic job, had put a vote in the ballot box for Mrs. Bryan's husband.

Betty, too, knew the big patrolman and remembered well his appreciation when at her sister's bidding she had gone, as a little girl, to carry fruits and flowers to his convalescent wife. She ranked him first among her humbler friends and knew that his truth and honor were as bright as the star which gleamed on his manly breast.

So, with a message from Olivia, concerning the delicate subject of Granville's morals, Bruce requested aid of the big patrolman whose beat included Columbus street.

"I didn't have to look very far, Mr. Carleton,

for the truth of what you suspected," reported this sincere friend in a reluctant voice; "but don't tell your little sister I knew anything about this, unless there's no other way," he added to the distressed brother.

Bruce and Olivia confided this trouble to their mother who with tender words told Betty of the degraded sin of which her favorite suitor was guilty. Then, a Betty whom they had never known flashed defiance from the dark eyes of the beautiful girl. "I'll never believe one word against him," she cried angrily. "I know what's the matter with you, Bruce Carleton—you and Olivia want me to marry your friend Freeman and father likes Harry best because he's Captain Shipley's son," she sobbed, with the unreason of the wounded feminine heart; and meeting these two men that day, the indignant girl treated them with a cold disdain that sent the perplexed lovers away, wondering at the cause of her offense.

"We've played the deuce now, Olivia," admitted Bruce with a crestfallen air. "Your friend on the police force is our only hope. Good for your kind heart, sister, which gives you friends in

every circle."

"Yes, Mr. Carleton," the big patrolman said, when approached the second time. "Tell Miss Betty it was me who told you about Mr. Granville. I'd rather lose her friendship than cause her trouble later."

"She'll believe me," he added, with a touch of

pride.

The belief of the patrolman's statements forced upon her, Betty gave Granville a curt

dismissal with no explanation. She bore herself with dignity through this first trial of her young life, sometimes in tearful silence, again with an outburst of unnatural gaiety. A shadow fell upon the happy home; Colonel Carleton grew grim and silent; Bruce raged in secret over his sister's grief and the infamy of her lover; while the gentle mother took this sorrow where she took all others, to the Comforter on High. Yet, as her mother prayed, Olivia planned, and soon arranged for Betty to accompany a party of her own friends at Ridgway on a long journey to the west, since this bright woman knew the charms of travel to be one of the best panaceas for a disturbed mind.

Betty welcomed the prospect of the change that would relieve the embarrassment of meeting Ross Granville among their circle of friends; but she did not grieve with a true heart-sorrow. It was rather the natural regret of a pure woman that one for whom she had entertained a tender feeling and whom she had endowed with all manly graces, should have been guilty of this treachery to his manhood and to his race. It was the wounded pride of a noble nature that her favorite suitor, while guilty of this base treachery, by his addresses, should have insulted her own innocence and purity.

CHAPTER XV.

"Betty," said Olivia, one hot, humid morning, "before you go west, I want you to help mother take care of Bess and Bob, while I go over the Ridge for a week's visit to Mrs. Milton. I need the rest-cure since finishing my spring cleaning and sewing, and that little woman, in her peaceful home, restores my weary nerves as nothing else can do."

"You're a brave soldier," was her sister's response; "but I see that you believe in the proverb that

'He who fights and runs away May live to fight another day.'

Certainly, I'll take care of the children and be glad to have the little darlings with us. Mother says Hugh is the best-natured man on earth, not to complain when you dash away from home at a moment's notice. True, you don't go very far nor stay long, unless he's with you; and you always have a good reason for going," Betty said as an after-thought.

"Oh, don't worry about Hugh Bryan," the fond wife replied. "He's like most of his sex that don't care for women who live in a monotone. Then, no matter how much he loves

me, he wants a touch of bachelor freedom now and then. Still, Hugh will tell you that he's devoted to his family and so he is; but I've heard about some of the good times he has, when I go on these little trips—so I thought I would give him another opportunity for pleasure, she fin-

ished with a laugh.

During Judge Bryan's canvass for office, four years before, Olivia had accompanied him on many of his long drives through the country. It was then that she had met Dan Milton and his wife who had come south from New Hampshire fifteen years before. Milton had been a non-commissioned officer in the Federal Army. He had fought at Chickamauga, being one of those daring heroes who, on that memorable day at Historic Ridge, risked the shame of a military death that the tide of battle might be turned for the Union forces.

The health of his wife failing in the rigorous climate of New England, he had come south, naturally choosing the location of his triumphs in the Civil War. This husband and wife had brought with them the customs and manners of their own section. This provident farmer had arranged every possible comfort and convenience to lighten the work of the house; and Mrs. Milton performed, unassisted, the household duties. Olivia Bryan enjoyed well the pleasant companionship she found in this simple, artistic home

of New England in the south.

During that dreadful year of the past, after an illness in which her life had been despaired of, Hugh Bryan took his wife to visit his

mother's relatives, residing in a little village in the vicinity of Boston; and here Olivia's adaptability and genial spirit soon found the responsive undercurrent which flows beneath the chilly surface of the New England nature.

"It's a lovely character, mother, when you come to know it," she had told Mrs. Carleton on her return. "After the ice of first acquaintance-ship is broken, you find a heart as warm as a

southern summer day."

On this morning, while conversing with Betty, Olivia remarked: "When I go to see Mrs. Milton, I imagine I am again visiting Hugh's aunt in the north. There's the same darkened parlor with the bright-flowered Brussels carpet; the family portraits in crayon; the old-fashioned hair-cloth furniture and the stately organ, its high back almost reaching the ceiling. And there is the cosy sitting-room, with its great bay window filled with rare and beautiful house plants, facing the Ridge. You see the rugs on the painted floor, the chintz-covered lounge, the latest magazines on the centre-table—and a grandfather's clock—the genuine thing, Betty which one of Mrs. Milton's forefathers brought from Scotland. Dan Milton once refused five hundred dollars for that old clock, in Boston, which shows that the pride of ancestry is greater even than the love of gain in the New England heart. Then, there's the big wood-stove in the sitting-room, and a register in the ceiling, warming the bedroom above—trust these people of New England to save even a breath of warm air," she added, half merrily.

"The guest-room is a perfectly lovely place, which, though furnished with the cheapest materials, has been made a bower of beauty by the deft hands of this ingenious housewife," Olivia continued to the interested Betty, who was fond of hearing her enthuse over the graces of her friends. "There's a matting, blue, to match the walls; the white-painted furniture, Swiss curtains tied back by dainty blue ribbons, and a sweet scent of lavender among the snowy bed linen. The grand oak trees, instead of elms, outside, are all that makes me remember that this is a farm-house in the south, instead of Hugh's aunt's home."

But Mrs. Milton's kitchen was the delight of Olivia's beauty-loving heart. She had her own kitchen well appointed and gave it close scrutiny—but a negro servant must hold sway there.

In the farm-house, Dan Milton had set with his own hands the capacious sink and painted the floor in a pretty pattern of squares. Here, too, was the shining cook-stove, the little dining-table, with its bowl of fragrant roses. This table was now moved into the sitting-room and covered with spotless damask and fine old china, in honor of the coming of the Judge's wife who, filled with a spirit of friendliness and appreciation, sat with these good people and ate a piece of pie for breakfast. This gracious guest was much loved and welcomed by the sweet-faced housewife, who, going back and forth with nimble step and dextrous touch, combined, with a skill inherited from generations past, the details of her home-making into one harmonious whole.

On the day after Olivia's coming, she went to the front gate of the large lawn to receive a letter for herself from the hands of the rural postman. As she entered the sitting-room her hostess remarked: "Mrs. Bryan, don't forget to latch the screen doors whenever you come in. Dan says that when we're on the porch it's safer to face the road and the outer angle of the house. You know, all the women out here have been in a state of terror since last December."

"Have you no weapens?" Olivia asked, with a thought of her own guarded home at Ridgway.

"Come," the farmer's wife answered, "I'll show you. Look at these"—and she pointed to a bracket placed high on the wall, where lightly covered by a scarf lay two pistols well cleaned and burnished; one evidently of latest manufacture, the other showed the make of another day.

"Henry—that's Dan oldest son—gave me this pistol the last time he was here," she said, touching the modern firearm. "You know I'm my husband's second wife; he's more than twenty years older than I am. Henry's an engineer on the C. S. road and lives in Kentucky. The other," she continued, "is the weapon Dan carried through the war. My husband cleaned that pistol more than forty years ago to fight for the negro's freedom. Little did he think the time would come when he would clean it again, so it might be ready for his wife to defend her honor from an attack of a member of that same race."

"And a wise woman you are, my friend," was Mrs. Bryan's answer, as she opened the letter she still held in her hand. It was from Mrs. Selwyn who lived in a town along the shore of Long Island. Three years before, Mrs. Bryan had met this New York friend at a little hotel in North Carolina as Mrs. Selwyn, accompanied by her husband, was on the way to Florida, and

she was returning from a northern trip.

On this occasion the two women had quickly formed a mutual attachment, and though never having seen each other since, still corresponded at long intervals. In her letter Mrs. Selwyn stated that so many and varied were the accounts of the Jackson case as published by the northern newspapers that she, like many others, was at a loss to know which to believe, and so had written her southern acquaintance in order to learn the true particulars of the affair. "Some of our people," she wrote, "think the southern papers are inclined to exaggerate the dangers to which the women of your section are exposed through the presence of vicious negroes. sometimes claimed here that these crimes are committed only against women in the lowest walks of life."

Mrs. Milton exclaimed in eagerness: "Write your friend to-day and tell her the true conditions on this subject in the south. Tell her of your own experiences—of the dreadful time of which you told me, when little Bess opened the kennel door and set the dogs on that negro brute. Come to the window, Mrs. Bryan," the little New England hostess continued, in excited tones. "Look across the hill at that negro graveyard. You see that new monument just beyond the

bank of red clay? That's what some of the colored people of Camden who call themselves good citizens, have just erected over the grave of Ned Jackson as a memorial to the black fiend."

"And it stands here in sight of the monument to Lytle—the brave general killed that day when your husband, and other federal heroes, risked a disgraceful death to climb Historic Ridge and plant on its top the banner of victory for the Union cause!" cried Olivia, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"That's just what I told Dan last night," the

farmer's wife returned.

"An insult to the womanhood of the south,"

Olivia cried, in angry resentment.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Bryan. You mean to the women of our whole country. Answer your friend's letter to-day, and tell her about that monument, too; write her as nobody else can. I wish I could write like you, Mrs. Bryan, I'd tell our folks up home something," the good woman said; then added: "Take this easy chair and sit in the bay window while you write, and I'll do up my morning's baking. Then we'll have a nice afternoon over our embroidery."

As the hostess closed the door between sittingroom and kitchen, looking back to her guest she said: "Put it strong; you can't write the truth

and put it half strong enough."

So, this daughter of an old rebel colonel, the wife of a southern republican, sat in this New England home in the south and wrote a letter to her friend in the distant north. When she

had finished her writing she went to the kitchen, where the New England housewife, behind latched doors, baked beans and fried doughnuts; and while her friend looked at her with misty eyes Olivia read this portion of the letter she had written to the woman in the distant north:

"Having described conditions as they exist, and given the history of the infamous Jackson case, I will relate two of my own experiences—one a spoken insult—the other the saddest event

of an otherwise happy life.

"You may remember, Mrs. Selwyn, during the day I spent with you in the North Carolina town, I mentioned the little farm where at that time my family was accustomed to spend the summer; indeed, we often went to the quiet spot just be-Seven years fore the Easter season. while passing the early spring days here, one Saturday afternoon, near dusk, I had occasion to accompany my husband to town, where he had an engagement to meet a prominent republican on an important political mission. Judge Bryan was driving a horse newly purchased which grew very restive as we approached Thornton Avenue, where it intersects with the road lying along the foot of Historic Ridge. Here-my husband expressing regret that he had asked me to drive behind the unruly horse—I said I would prefer to walk two squares to the street car station, where a car to town would be passing in a few minutes. He turned around and started to drive me the proposed distance, but, just then, the horse, giving another plunge, I hurriedly left the trap for the walk alone. Again the Judge suggested

that, for my protection, he would drive the distance as I walked—at that time there were no houses nearer than the point where the two car lines intersect at the junction station. But I could never bear the thought of his neglecting a public duty on my account and reminded him that at further delay his political friend would soon have left his office. So, yielding to my entreaties, my husband drove away and I walked on alone in the deepening dusk. The car coming from town stopped at the station in the distance, and I noticed a negro man coming towards me down the middle of the road from the direction of the car station.

"As he passed—an evil look on his brutish face—he stepped close to my side with an insolent salutation—too insolent to repeat in these lines—then, with a vile laugh, hurried onward. With a gasp of terror I looked quickly around stifling a scream as the man had gone, I dreaded a sensation—and ran hurriedly forward. A minute later I saw the dim outlines of three figures, two men and one woman, in the junction station, waiting for a belated car to the Ridge. Then I knew that the accidental presence of these people in the little street car station, unknown to me, but known to the negro, was all that had saved me from the fate of Virginia Thomson-I-the mother of children and the wife of a republican official of Tennessee.

"Only my closest friends have ever heard of the following sad incident, to which I referred in the beginning of my letter, and I am sure you will appreciate my confidence and read it in the same spirit of delicacy, in which I write. A year after the fright I have just described, we were spending a happy summer at the farm. Here we delighted in the beauties of country life and enjoyed to the fullest, the horses, the Jersey cows and little Bob's Shetland pony, his grandfather's latest gift. Another attractive feature of animal life collected there was four Scotch collies, kindly, intelligent, and dear to the hearts of my husband and children. But I love strength and courage, and my favorite of the kennel was the

brindle bulldog, Watch.

"At this time Judge Bryan's nieces were visiting us—bright little girls they were, of eight and ten. At this time the two houses near-by were not occupied, and in this quiet spot it was hard to keep negro servants at all, and that morning my colored cook had failed to come to her work. I had sent Bess' nurse, a white woman, away for a Sunday afternoon's rest, when my husband proposed driving to a point several miles distant, where he knew that good household help could be secured. So, locking the dogs in the kennel that they might not follow him, he drove away with Bob by his side. The little girl bore me company and Denton, our white farm hand, was on the place for any needed protection.

"But in a short time a boy came from the hired man's home, two miles away, with the message that one of his children was very ill; and with a tender thought for his suffering one, I gave Denton permission to leave at once, not even telling him about the absence of the nurse. I then had a fearless nature despite my fright of

the year before. Our finest Jersey had been sick that morning, and in a moment of anxious thought, leaving the little girls with Bess at play close by, I walked in the calm of the summer afternoon to a point overlooking the grassy

meadow where the cattle grazed.

"In a few minutes Hugh's nieces ran to me, saying that a negro man had approached them on the front lawn and asked for Judge Bryan. Upon them telling him that the Judge was not at home, the negro next inquired, 'Who is here?' to which they had answered, 'Nobody but auntie and us.' Whereupon the little girls, seeing him continue his way to the house, had fled

to me in affright.

"Attempting to quiet their fears with the assurance that the man only wished to leave some message for their uncle, I hurried in by a rear entrance. But, with the thought of the possible need of self-protection, I took a pistol from the cabinet in my bedroom and concealing it within the loose folds of my maternity gown, stepped out on the front veranda and called to the approaching negro, in a calm and pleasant tone, 'Judge Bryan is not at home. Is there any message for him?' The man-ragged, more than six feet tall and stalwart in proportion-hesitated an instant, then without a word came rapidly towards me.* In one breathless second I remembered that the dogs were shut in the kennel in the rear of the house—that I had never

^{*}An incident that occurred near Chattanooga, Tennessee, Sept., 1899.

shot a pistol—and—that this one, having been loaded for months, was doubtless rusty from disuse. Again I called to the advancing negro, 'What do you want here? Don't dare come into this house;' but as he, unheeding, neared the steps of the broad veranda, I clasped the hidden weapon with a steady hand and sent one swift, silent prayer to God.

"He heard and answered!

"At that instant, unseen by the negro or my-self, my three-year-old baby girl, at play among the grapevines close by, had watched him advance towards her mother. With a wisdom sent to her by God Himself, she toddled to the kennel, turned the wooden button which confined its door, released the five dogs, and pointing a tiny finger towards the negro, cried to her own pet collie, 'Sic' him, Jess!'

"But swiftly over the heads of the gentle collies came my faithful bulldog, Watch. With one look of fierce affection and loyal courage at his defenseless mistress he sprang to the

negro's throat.

"Then a battle between the black brute and the brindle! Almost an equal match they were as beating off with a stick the attack of the enraged dog the powerful negro slowly fought his way towards the high plank of the garden fence. Then, with one tremendous effort freed himself from the hold of the angry dog, scaled the fence with the skill of an acrobat, and fled madly down the country road. While Watch, rushing in triumph back with a piece of the

negro's clothing between his teeth proudly laid

it at my feet.

"Three weeks from that day the child, for whose coming we had longed to bless our hearts and home, came—only to be laid in a baby's coffin. Dead, three weeks before its birth—killed, so the scientific doctors said, by severe fright and strong emotion. Then I went down into the dim, dark valley to fight the monster of Death. But not alone, for love and gold and skill fought with me.

"We won-but ever since to me the boon of

health has been denied.

"It is stories like this and hundreds like them of which the newspapers have never heard, that make the blood run seething hot in the veins of the true manhood of the south.

"As I write these lines in the home of a friend on the east side of Historic Ridge, I lift my eyes for a moment, and they fall in the distance on two marble shafts, gleaming in the sunlight. One is the monument erected by the United States Government to the memory of the gallant Lytle who fell November 25th, 1863, in the charge up Historic Ridge—that act of glorious disobedience of martial law! An act of disobedience, far-reaching in its results, which decided the fate of the Civil War and carried the Union arms to victory.

"Not far away a monument has been erected by the so-called best colored citizens of Camden, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars, to the memory of Ned Jackson—a negro rapist of a white woman, condemned for this crime to death by a court of Tennessee. A monument which, in one sense, stands as an insult to the womanhood of our nation; yet, in another sense, is a result of an act of glorious disobedience of civil law; an act of disobedience far-reaching in its results, that rebuked with deadly effect brutish attacks on virtue and gave to the women of Harrison county the protection which is their right."

CHAPTER XVI.

At the next convening of the grand jury in Camden began the investigation of Ned Jackson's lynching which had occurred on the nineteenth of the past March. The officers of the court were eager for the facts to be made known in order that their own conduct might be vindicated; while the citizens of Camden were anxious, if possible, to secure evidence concerning the identity of the lynchers, so that whatever punishment might be awaiting them could be kept within the jurisdiction of the courts of their own county and state as these citizens were, in the main, men and sons of men who had fought four bloody years, though in vain, for the right of each state to control her own interests.

Although more than one hundred and fifty men were summoned to appear before the grand jury, no one of them was able to identify a single member of the so-called mob. Not even the editor of the morning paper was able to assist the grand jury in the identification of the guilty parties, though he had claimed to have been cognizant of Jackson's dying words. And therefore the grand jury was powerless, under the laws of the country, to indict unknown men.

Immediately following the action of the grand jury the Federal authorities at Washington

summoned Sheriff Shipley to appear, in October, before the Supreme Court of the United States to answer the charge of contempt. Eight of his deputies and fifteen of the twenty-five men said to have been implicated in Jackson's death received the same notice. Their names had been secured by the aid of government detectives who, it was claimed, had been working on the case for several weeks following the death of the negro rapist.

The campaign for the sheriff's office was quietly planned, it being the desire of the democratic committee to excite as little race antagonism as possible under the circumstances. Shipley's opponent, Dan Barclay, was the best material the republicans could have offered against

him in this contest.

Possessing a charming personality, he was endowed with every quality of manhood that would endear him to his associates. Experience as a deputy sheriff, in a former administration, had especially qualified him to fill the office he now sought and it was only through the candidacy of such an individual that his party hoped for a possible victory over Captain Shipley. Colonel Carleton and Bruce championed the cause of their friend, the present sheriff, with their customary ardor; while Judge Bryan, being a republican officeholder, was forced to be publicly non-committal on this all-important subject.

But Olivia as she went to and fro among her friends with an adroitness and seeming indifference that were part of her mental weapons would lead up to the subject of the sheriff's election, then speak kind words for Captain

Shipley.

Since the last action of the Federal authorities, the negroes, with few exceptions, were dominated by a race hatred whose strength had never been equalled—a spirit which, in many cases, was

met with little patience.

With this new attitude the servant question in Camden grew more impossible, and the lives of home-makers became strenuous as the southern summer progressed. Mrs. Bryan had ever been a popular employer among the negroes who sought service in the homes of Camden. Once her brother had remarked: "Olivia's servants are always so fond of her. I guess it's because of her imperious nature and kind heart that make her alternately boss and pet them." But now, even in Olivia's home, cooks came and went at will while the energetic mistress endeavored with her own hands to supply the deficiency of incompetent labor.

One day Mrs. Murray ventured to suggest: "Mrs. Bryan, don't you suppose that the change in your servants is caused by your attitude in connection with the sheriff's election?" and to this Olivia replied: "I've never mentioned this subject in the presence of any negro except old Mahaly and again at Caroline Taylor's request. The kitchen and the pantry are the servants' domain and they have a right to their own ideas, properly expressed, as I have to mine. However, I reserve the privilege of speaking my views to my family and friends at my own discretion. Before I'll fail to declare my opinions

on the present situation to please the negroes of Camden, I'll die at that kitchen table." And the friend who knew her indomitable spirit, believed this to be no idle boast.

At the Carleton home indifferent, incompetent service tried the patience of its placid mistress. Bruce came in, daily, with reports of some fresh display of race feeling and, especially, he would become incensed over the hundreds of vile, threatening letters which his father's friend, Sheriff Shipley, was receiving from venomous

negroes, on account of the Jackson case.

"Son," said the patient mother to Bruce, as he came in one day unusually disturbed, "I'm sorry for these negroes who are now causing us so much trouble. They're to be pitied—they've been victims of the mistakes of others and of false views on the part of their so-called friends about conditions surrounding them. They were once, mainly, a faithful, obedient, peaceable people who lived their simple lives in health and contentment. The change in their race has been brought about by misguided friends who have unfitted them for one station in life—the one for which God says they were intended—and have failed to fit them for another."

"Mother, you see the negro through the rose-colored glasses of the past," the young man returned. "All that the white men of the south ask of the negro is that he enjoy the same rights of church, school, railways, public institutions, and material comforts, except those from which he's barred by the necessity of social equality. His attempt to secure social or even political

equality in the south is useless; and we demand that the influence of the best of the negro race be directed against these brutish attacks on the virtue of the white women."

"I still maintain that a negro in his place is a most worthy creature," said this woman of the

old south, in response.

"So he is, mother," her high-spirited son returned. "So is fire, in its place, a great comfort; but what about fire when it gets beyond control?"

Here he was interrupted by a call to the telephone; a member of the male quartet wished to speak to him concerning an entertainment at the Army Post. The officers of the —— Cavalry had arranged for a musicale, one of a series of affairs by which they hoped to raise funds for a much needed chapel at their barracks. Some of Camden's best musicians were aiding the officers in their efforts, and Bruce, possessing a rich baritone voice, had been among the first to offer his assistance. And, ah! too, for the first time in his wholesome life, Bruce Carleton was touched with a tender love—now he realized the one girl in the world for him was Dorothy, the daughter of Captain Douglass of the Army Post.

Returning from the entertainment, close to midnight, the young man had just dropped into the healthful sleep of youth when suddenly he was aroused by the sound of six pistol shots fired in rapid succession in less than a square of his home, followed by a loud cry for help. He turned uneasily in his bed, thinking that

some negro brawl of nightly occurrence was again disturbing the peace of Camden. Then a beseeching cry rang loud on the midnight air.*

"Lawdy! help! help! I'm shot to pieces! All de white folks come here—all the white folks

come here, quick!"

Bruce Carleton sprang from his bed with a bound. Half clad he ran into the hall, heard Betty calling his name, as she flashed the electric light, and saw her with a kimona thrown around her on the way to the telephone below. As he ran quickly down the stairs he heard his sister calling the name of the old Irish sergeant at

police headquarters.

Again the piteous cry rang loud and clear, "All de white folks come here!" and Betty, now in her room up stairs, peeping from the window saw three young men of a neighboring square follow Bruce in the direction of the distressing cries. Then came the patrolman of the beat; two mounted policemen galloped rapidly past; next followed the city physician, dispatched by the warm Irish heart at police headquarters at sweet Betty Carleton's call. And now the patrol wagon and hospital ambulance hurried to the scene. All the white folks had come there "quick."

This heartrending appeal came from a negro man, himself, one of the best of his race in Camden. Returning from his work at a late hour on Saturday night he had been shot by two negro

^{*}An incident which occurred near the writer's home, July, 1906.

footpads, upon refusing to hold up his hands on their demand. Fearing their further vengeance he had loudly called on the white folks for protection. It was white hands that lifted him into the ambulance. It was white hands that guided the horses which carried him to a place of security and comfort. It was white hands that dressed his wounds with scientific skill.

His cry for the white folks' help had been answered—as the same cry from his race has ever been answered, save when the white man's blood seethes hot with rage at the foul crimes committed by black fiends against white women—crimes viewed with indifference or approval by

a large part of the negro race!

CHAPTER XVII.

A few days later Betty left with the party of Olivia's friends on her journey to the far west. When she said good-bye to Freeman as he stood by Bruce's side at the railway station, she felt a vague regret, even a tiny throb of heartache, for the patient love, the refined companionship, that she would miss in the coming weeks of her absence.

Freeman missed keenly the presence of the beautiful girl he loved. The stately home on the avenue seemed deserted as he passed it on his afternoon drives. He even felt a pang of satisfaction when, at the end of the week, Mrs. Carleton closed her home to spend a month at Ray Springs. Olivia, with Bob and Bess, accompanied her mother to this nearby summer resort where, after spending a few days, she expected to leave her children in Mrs. Carleton's care during the month of July. She was too much interested in the sheriff's election to leave Camden in the month preceding that event; then, she had her own plans for a vacation later.

During this interval of the absence of his friends, Eugene Freeman eagerly welcomed the arrival of a former acquaintance, Guy Newton, from his old home in the east who on a business trip to a southern city, had stopped in Cam-

den to see the Grand Mountain and other historic scenes of this picturesque country. The two friends from New England were awaiting the coming of Judge Bryan whom Freeman had invited to dine with them in his bachelor apartments. Bruce Carleton, having met Newton, had accorded him all possible courtesies; but that night he had gone to fulfill an engagement for a dinner party at the home of Captain Douglass of the Army Post.

The apartments in which the two men awaited the Judge's coming had been furnished at the dictation of Freeman's own tasteful ideas. The artistic though careful arrangement, the minute attention to detail, the quiet elegance of his apartments, and personal belongings, bespoke the well-bred, well-groomed man of New England.

Newton had read in the newspapers that Sheriff Shipley, his deputies and the lynching party had been summoned to appear in Washington in October, to answer the charge of contempt of Supreme Court. Freeman, explaining to his friend the conditions before and since these men had received the summons to Washington, declared his intention to vote for Sheriff Shipley in the coming August election.

"Eugene Freeman, you, the son of an ardent abolitionist and of a federal soldier, tell me that you intend to vote for a southern democrat, a captain in the Rebel Army, a man charged with contempt of Supreme Court! The memories of Garrison and Brooks be with us!" he added in a reverent tone, with a look of reproof on his

countenance.

"It is my firm resolve to vote for Sheriff Shipley," Freeman returned as his earnest face settled into sterner lines. "And, Newton, it is owing to my strong sense of justice and the courage to stand by the convictions of my conscience which have fixed my decision of voting for Captain Shipley. I believe him to have been ignorant of the intention of the mob that hanged Jackson; but if he had known of the purpose of these men, under the peculiar conditions surrounding this race question, I would have been tempted to have forgiven him. The negroes stoutly declare the sheriff's connivance of the action of the lynchers. Their ignorant masses think Shipley's defeat will signify a championship of the rights of the negro to commit such vile deeds at his discretion; while the sheriff's reëlection will signify to their minds the continuance of the swift and terrible punishment for this crime against women."

Freeman went on, his friend listening with renewed interest: "I regarded the conditions here as you do, Newton, when I first came south but seven years' residence in Camden has proven that the question of the negro problem and politics here is a peculiarly intricate one, and can scarcely be explained to the satisfaction of the residents of another section. You must be on the spot to appreciate the situation. But in one sense these people should teach us a lesson of justice—we, who call ourselves the most just of all people. They do not criticise the methods by which we deal with whatever problems we may have in our own part of the country. They

do not attempt to teach us how to administer our laws and forever find fault with the customs of our section. We should, at least, be equally fair to them."

"I beg pardon, Freeman," his guest replied, "if I spoke too strongly a moment ago. I did not know you had become so imbued with southern ideas. I understand, now, the meaning of the words I heard this morning in the hotel rotunda. A group of men, evidently from their conversation republican politicians, were discussing the coming election. 'I know what's the trouble with Freeman,' one of them observed, 'it's that starry-eyed daughter of the old Colonel on Thornton avenue.'

"I guess he referred to Miss Carleton whom you have mentioned in your letters," Newton continued, with a look of interest at his friend.

"There is her picture," replied Freeman, returning his guest's glance proudly as he pointed

to Betty's beautiful face on the wall.

"Ah, I see! The fastidious Freeman has been captured by a southern beauty. I envy your good fortune," the New England visitor re-

marked with a pleasant grace of manner.

"I proudly confess," Freeman confided, "that I love that beautiful girl with a strength and sincerity which, I claim, few of her southern lovers can equal—love her with a possible hope of return;" and a shy look of happiness stole over his face with the thought of Betty—of the lingering hand-clasp, the sweet, half-sad smile she had given him at parting. "I also confess that my ideas may have, at first, been influenced

by the noble family whom I met on my arrival in Camden. Colonel Carleton is a grand character, and as for my friend Bruce-a truer heart never beat in a braver breast.

"Mrs. Carleton is a type of the women of the old south, as we have read of them, while her elder daughter, Mrs. Bryan, is an up-to-date

woman in the best sense of the word.

"When I met these intelligent people, I accredited them with the proper capacity with which to judge the conditions of their own section, and on further investigation, looking deeper into the problems around me, I realized that the people of the south are not only a brave, but a

patient, magnanimous people.

"I hear Judge Bryan's step," the host continued. "He is very tactful and courteous, and will be reluctant to speak of political questions in your presence; but I will endeavor to lead him into a discussion on this subject. He has one of the fairest minds in Camden," Freeman added in an undertone as Hugh Bryan entered the room.

"Yes," said the Judge, in answer to a question from Freeman, after he had in vain attempted to lead the conversation to general topics, "it is true that the republicans of the south have little or no hope of their party's advancement into general favor, unless some plan will materialize to eliminate the negro from its councils."

"I have observed, Judge, as in the case of your election four years since that a republican who chances to win in a political contest is not elected because he is a republican but in spite of the

fact that he is one," commented Freeman.

"That's without doubt true; a republican who runs for office here knows he must depend upon the support of his democratic friends to win He knows he can't depend upon the success. negroes in an election. However, to their honor be it said, there is a small contingent who never fails to vote for their party's choice. A popular candidate on the republican ticket will be supported by his white friends as long as the negro idea is eliminated from the contest. Let that issue enter, and they flock wildly back to the democratic standard. That's the reason election results are so peculiar in our part of the state which, you know, is largely republican-a condition that is not always understood by my party in other sections."

"What is the remedy, Judge Bryan?" asked

the New England guest.

"There are several methods by which we could gradually rid ourselves of the negro's presence—deportation, which I think impracticable. Deport where? Back to Africa, for which some of his own leaders clamor, would be unjust to the best of the race; it would leave the south without its laboring class, a condition that would, however, become adjusted in time. To which state could the negro be deported or to what section would the nation send this turbulent race, incapable of self-government?

"The remedy I personally prefer for this trouble," Bryan continued, "is that the leaders and teachers of the negroes, their true and not

misguided friends, convince them if they give up their wild dreams of social and political equality and join in the white man's demand that the crime against white women cease"—here the mild eyes of the Judge gleamed with unwonted fire—"then the south would be the best place

for the masses of the negro race.

"But there is another plan—one that could easily be carried out by the aid of the wealth and philanthropy of other sections—that is, to colonize the negro within the borders of the United States, to send a certain number of thousands of them to each state in the Union, relieve the congested south, make the race problem general, so that our citizens of all sections would understand its meaning. The north and east need them for cabmen, janitors, hotel waiters and porters; the west needs them as laborers on the farms. Competition is the life of every business.

"Massachusetts, for instance, Mr. Newton," the Judge remarked to the northern visitor, "has a number of rich philanthropists who erect grand monuments and endow marvelous institutions. If that state would use some of its great wealth to colonize thousands of southern negroes within its borders, that would be the noblest of all

its charitable acts."

"That is fair, Judge. Massachusetts sent the negro to the south, it cannot be unfair to ask that she take him back," Freeman observed with a chuckle, looking at Newton's discomfited face, then at the serious, impassive countenance of Judge Bryan; and the host never knew whether

his guest's last words had been spoken in earnestness or sarcasm.

"I hope I have advanced no unjust theory," Bryan added, "when I advise this plan of colonization. My greatest ambition for my country is a mutual understanding of this race problem."

Then Freeman spoke in earnest tones: "I have often wondered, since I came south, how peculiar has been the influence of this negro question on the white men of different sections.

"We have ostracized the yellow man from our shores; we have accorded the red man a treatment which many consider unworthy of our nation; by what graces of race or character must the black man evermore be 'A Note of Discord, in the harmony of our Union?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

On Olivia's return from Ray Springs, after a week's absence, Judge Bryan related to her the conversation which had occurred at Eugene

Freeman's apartments a few days before.

"That's the man for Betty," she exclaimed warmly; and that night while the household slept, she stole out to the starlit balcony on the upper floor of her home, to dream and plan for the future. She knew Bruce and his friend were expecting to enjoy their vacation together, after the sheriff's election in August. They had not yet matured their plans, and Bruce was ever hers to command; while Freeman, she believed, would eagerly welcome any arrangement by

which he might soon see Betty.

Hugh's cousin, Tom Gordon, had married Annie Ray, one of her girlhood friends at the old Virginia school where her mother and she and Betty had received their education. The Gordons lived in the west where Tom had become a rich man and a big ranch owner. Annie, writing at long intervals, had described the numerous house parties in which she and her husband welcomed their friends with the overflowing hospitality of the western country; and these kind relatives often expressed a desire that she and Hugh might visit them in their far-off home.

Hugh did not like gay companies; neither did his scheming wife, if the truth were known; but she now formed the intention of visiting the Gordons, and resolved that the Judge, Bruce and Freeman should accompany her, and there meet Betty as she returned from her distant journey.

Then this woman of the busy brain and happy heart slipped into Hugh's den, to find a railway pamphlet that she had brought home before her sister left for the west. Yes, the little town from which Annie's letters were mailed lay near to the large city where Betty's party would change cars for the homeward journey. She resolved to write Annie the next day, knowing that an invitation would come, at once, for Bruce and his friend to join Hugh and herself on a visit to the Gordon ranch.

Annie had known Bruce as a schoolboy, when she had been entertained at the Carleton home in the sweet days of the past; and Olivia knew the warm welcome that these open-hearted western people would accord her brother's friend

from New England.

Then she remembered, with gratitude to God, her sister's escape from the love of Ross Granville and the shameful secret now buried deep in the breast of the big patrolman. She felt, too, a little pang of conscience that she should be planning to take Betty from the love of Harry Shipley whom she and her mother both regarded with a warm affection; but they knew that Betty's feeling for him was akin to the love she felt for Bruce himself.

Ever since that night when Eugene Freeman

with his conscience behind his gun had gone with Bruce to the armory, she had recognized the nobility of the nature that, despite the traditions of the past, could perceive and acknowledge the right. And, too, there was a delicacy in her highly wrought, sensitive spirit that responded to the innate refinement of this cultured man of the east.

"That's the man for Betty," Olivia said again to herself with the match-making instinct that lurks in the heart of every loving woman as she plotted in secret, then told her plans to her pillow.

A few evenings later, Hugh Bryan came home with a vexed expression on his usually placid face.

"Olivia, dear, don't you think that you are a little vehement in the expressions with which you speak of Sheriff Shipley's reëlection?" he asked with the first reproval he had ever given his wife.

"Why, Hugh, I only say what you think yourself, and what, with few exceptions, every woman in Camden thinks," Olivia returned with the artless air which she often used to conceal her deeper emotions.

"That's true, wife," the Judge returned, "but you owe something to my position as a republican officeholder."

"A republican officeholder," she said archly, "elected by democratic voters!"

"Yes, but nominated by a republican conven-

tion," was his reply.

"Because you were one of the few of their number who, with the aid of your democratic friends could carry their standard to victory. Captain Shipley is father's friend; he has made a splendid officer, and has been unjustly treated. Aside from that, I might be allowed to speak a word for him in grateful memory of the democratic votes that sent my husband to the circuit judge's bench."

"What have you against Dan Barclay?" Bryan questioned, turning the subject from her

unanswerable argument.

"That he's Sheriff Shipley's opponent," came

the quick retort of a woman's unreason.

"I'm sorry to say that some of the democratic politicians are chuckling in their sleeves at the championship of one of their candidates by the wife of the republican judge." Hugh Bryan went on as the air of vexation deepened on his face.

"I don't care a snap for the democratic politicians nor the republicans either," Olivia returned, now aroused to anger. "Husband," she continued in a softer tone, "for a dozen years I have deferred to you in every item of taste and judgment when once expressed, but you understand, as well as I, the conditions which surround Camden and which demand Sheriff Shipley's reëlection. You know that his election is not a question of party or politics—it is a question of principle and patriotism. And I'm a patriot, if I am a woman!" she said as she burst into bitter tears. And as she left the room she shut the door with a determined force, which only the gentle blood that flowed in her highborn veins saved from being a bang!

Hugh Bryan was selfish—he loved his own hopes and plans and interests; but he loved, even better than he loved himself, this imperious, impatient, quick-tempered woman, with her warm heart of sympathy and her wild revolt

against wrong and injustice.

Later, when Olivia had calmed herself and the sweet face shone free of her strong emotions as the sun shines bright after the September thunder-storm, her husband with a tender look in his eyes and his arms around her, said, with a sly pleasantry—one of his chief charms—"we must be careful, wife, lest this sad question that is agitating all Camden may become a 'note of discord' in the harmony of our union!"

This closed the subject on the part of the indulgent husband; but patriotic Olivia as she passed to and fro among her friends, with adroitness and seeming indifference, still led up to the subject of the sheriff's election, then spoke kind

words for Captain Shipley.

CHAPTER XIX.

One evening, the last of July, a few days before the county election, a group of men gathred in a room at the Phoenix club was discussing the events of the past week as they related to this

coming important event.

Bruce Carleton, Eugene Freeman and the editor of the afternoon paper—that patriotic sheet, ever ready for the advancement of Camden's best interests—were joined by Colonel Carleton and Colonel Watkins, eager for any news bearing on the welfare of their war comrade, Captain Joe Shipley, in the sheriff's race. Soon Hugh Bryan, accompanied by an exmayor, himself a republican, entered the room.

The conversation naturally drifted from the details of election news into the ever-present race

question and southern politics.

"Price," asked Colonel Watkins of the editor, "have you been reading those striking articles in one of the Georgia papers that are advocating the doctrine of transportation for the negro race? 'Help us to separate,' is the cry of one of the best men and most able politicians in the south."

"Yes, I've read those editorials with much interest," Price replied. "What do you and Colonel Carleton think of that plan?" he inquired of the older men of the party.

"In one sense it is the best thing for the south," Colonel Carleton thoughtfully observed. "It would eliminate at once the cause of the southern man's present lack of political advancement in national affairs. The time was when southern men ranked first among the statesmen of the nation. Why, Tennessee sent four Presidents to Washington. What hope has a southern man now, that one of his own number can, under the present regime, be chosen even for the second place on the presidential ticket? And why——?"

"Because," exclaimed Hugh Bryan, "the negro stands as an obstacle to the southern white man's political advancement. We cannot depend upon him, even if we should desire that he elect us to office. Few southern men will support a politician who is known as the negro's candidate."

"But, to return to the subject of transportation," Colonel Carleton continued, "at first our section would feel the sudden removal of our only laboring class, but we should soon adjust ourselves to new conditions. The south has passed through one upheaval in which she bore herself with credit."

"Yes, and our women bore their part, too, as we all remember," cried Colonel Watkins.

"Ah! that is one of the proudest memories of the southern heart," Colonel Carleton returned, and proceeded with the discussion: "But, on the other hand, transportation would relieve the negro of the white man's government and association, without which he would soon return to barbarism, the state from which he came to us. And the negroes are God's creatures whom it is our duty to help and whom I wish well, in spite of the sins of the present. They are, too, the children of our faithful, dark friends of the past," and a shade of sadness crossed the old man's face.

"Yes, father," exclaimed Bruce Carleton, "the reason you had faithful slaves and black friends in the past, was because they were under the

white man's domination."

"Give us your opinion on this subject, Judge," Colonel Watkins requested of Hugh Bryan, ever conservative and reluctant to express his views, uninvited.

"Eugene and I have had a recent discussion on that subject," returned the Judge, looking towards Freeman with a non-committal air. "I do not say that I advocate this plan—even that it's best—but I claim that to colonize the negro into the various states of the Union would bring about a clear understanding of this race question and do more to cement the sections into a complete harmony than any other event. 'Bear ye one another's burdens' has always seemed to me a blessed text."

"That is poetic theory, Judge," laughed Freeman, with the memory of Newton's discomfited face before him. "I fear, however, that your theory will never materialize. The northern states are not searching further for an opportunity to test the race problem. However, your ideas are more just to the negro, and equally as constitutional, as transportation or

taking the franchise from him."

"The Judge's plan," the ex-Mayor remarked, "would practically enforce white domination, by placing the negro in the minority as to the numbers in each section. Competition is the life of business—each portion of the country could then have the advantage of both foreign and negro labor. We are now enduring a famine of labor here, in the foundries, shops, and domestic service."

"I know that is true, to my sorrow," observed a young merchant who had lounged in a few minutes previous. "I've been trying to hire a servant for my wife, at home with a three-months-old baby in her arms, without cook or nurse—and Camden filled with hordes of idle, trifling negroes and with no possibility of engaging white help. The factories here employ all the white women who otherwise might be induced to enter domestic service. I pay good wages, too, but was compelled this morning to send my wife and baby to her mother's home in Virginia until the cold weather sends these worthless negroes back to work again."

"We are all suffering from this same condition," the ex-Mayor remarked. "You see how Bryan's plan for colonization would aid the ser-

vant question, in both north and south."

"Yes," Bruce Carleton exclaimed, with a grim smile, "that sort of colonization would soon change to transportation, if the negro continued the same line of conduct that he pursues in the south to-day. I say dominate him, take away his franchise, to which he never had a right; rid him of the foul hope of social and political equality in the future. I claim that the colored man of the south has no greater enemy, to-day, than the half-educated members of his own race who, passing back and forth between the two sections, bring with them wild and impossible stories of social equality and the intermarriage of the races in the cities of the north. The ignorant masses here listen with eagerness to these wonderful tales, and are urged to press their claims for the same glory in every direction."

"I have observed," Freeman said, with a thoughtful air, "that white domination is undoubtedly imperative, and is in evidence here in every line of business. Whenever you see a crowd of negro workmen you sometimes see a negro foreman, at work with his men—but you will always find a white man, and never a negro, as superintendent."

"A negro superintendent!" exploded Colonel Carleton. "Why, a crowd of negroes would

mob one the first day!"

"Yet they love their white boss—if he has the power of control in his nature and can combine judicious kindness with it," declared Colonel Watkins. "Why, down here at Blunt's stable you'd think it was still slavery days—those darkies dote on the manager, and even quarrel with each other as to which one is his favorite."

"That very spirit," Freeman declared, "shown in business should, as Bruce claims, prove the

necessity of white domination in politics."

"I thought you were a stanch republican,

Mr. Freeman," commented the editor in a courteous tone.

"Mr. Price," replied Freeman earnestly, "my politics are the same as those of Bruce Carleton, of Judge Bryan, of your son, Colonel Watkins -or more than half of the progressive young men of the south to-day whether of northern or southern birth; when it is a question of the gold standard, the protection tariff and the business principles which have brought us unparalleled prosperity, I am the best republican that ever screamed from a mountain crag; when the question arises of negro favoritism or white supremacy, I am the best democrat that ever crowed at the dawn of a southern day." Bursts of approving laughter and clapping of hands showed the noble-hearted man how much his words were appreciated by those about him.

"Freeman has struck the keynote of the whole situation," Bruce Carleton cried with ardor as he threw his hand with a gesture of strong approval

on the shoulder of his friend.

"Let us young men of the nation advocate the necessity of the repeal of the fifteenth amendment. The Republican Party in the past saw in the slaves of the south a faithful, obedient, industrious people and thought that such worthy creatures as slaves would become yet more worthy as freemen; it did not know that these qualities were the result of the white man's domination.

"If it were in my power to formulate a plan that would be best for the good of the negro and the welfare of our nation—I would have the government purchase a suitable, adjacent, foreign, territory—where all over-ambitious, dissatisfied negroes could go, and aided by our nation found a republic of their own.

"There they could have their own president, senators, and public officials of every order—and there, those of so-called high ideals could

expend their ambition and energy.

"The negroes who remain among us with the right of the franchise taken away, would within a generation return to their former friendly feeling and good-will toward the white people; for under proper conditions the average negro is as easily swayed to right as to wrong.

"Our nation's money expended in such an enterprise would do much to perpetuate har-

mony and prosperity in our Union.

"If, however, the great party now in power should fail to correct the mistake of a past generation—let us young men of the nation form a new party—I would call it the *Patriotic Party*—in which we will preserve the business principles and practical ideas of the republicans, then add to them white domination, already the first principle of the Democratic Party."

Here the young man's father, abashed, looked in surprise at his son for Colonel Carleton was a democrat of the old regime, his motto—"My party, right or wrong; but always my party."

Bruce, with a respectful glance, went on: "I know, father, that you're surprised at my words; but we could not have succeeded as we have done in our manufacturing business in Camden except for the business principles of the Repub-

lican Party. Why must a man any longer be compelled to cut his conscience in two on election day—to vote the republican ticket in order to take care of our finances—to vote the democratic ticket to protect our homes and women? There are thousands of men in the south today who unwillingly remain in the Democratic Party; but, with the memories of the past before them, they would die at the martyr's stake before they would join the Republican Party. And they cannot be blamed, for the mistaken policy of that party forty years ago is the cause of the wretchedness from which we are now suffering, in consequence of the negro problem."

"Go on, Bruce—go on," cried the editor and Freeman in a breath, as the young man paused a moment in his vehemence while the rest of the company looked on in thoughtful silence.

"I would have white domination the first principle of this new party. Take away the franchise. The first work of this new organization would be to devise means for the protection of white women from the attacks of negro rapists—the subject as you all know that lies nearest to my heart."

"Give us your views on that subject, Bruce; that's what I want to hear," called the ex-Mayor.

The enthusiastic young man proceeded: "I have not yet thought enough on this phase of the subject to give a perfect plan in detail; but I would suggest that the Legislature appoint a committee—call it a special court—for the trial of rape alone. Let this court be composed of the best and most able citizens of each com-

munity. Within twenty-four hours of the commission of the crime let the rapist be tried before this court—we shoot the mad dog on sight and kill the rattlesnake for a deed more excusable than the crime in question. If the accused man's innocence is established, none are more anxious to prove it than the best citizens of our community. If circumstances should point to his guilt, retain him in prison for a certain length of time, until thorough investigation could be made. When guilt is certain, turn him over to the sheriff for an immediate execution, in a public place where his would-be imitators can perceive its horrors.

"Every observant man in the south knows that the average negro prisoner enjoys being the hero of a court-room, with the arm of the law around him, his stolid nature resting securely in its slow processes. The sudden and fearful death at the hands of a mob, is all that deters hundreds of these brutes each day from crimes like Ned Jackson's. A lawful death as nearly similar as possible to the one dealt out by mob law is the only hope of a legal punishment

for the crime of rape in the south."

"That's true—that's true enough, Bruce," called Hugh Bryan and Colonel Watkins at once.

The young man proceeded with renewed fervor: "Honest minds, which understand true conditions, will agree that the ignorant and vicious masses of the negro race have no conception of the idea of female virtue, therefore the horror of the crime of rape as felt by the white race, passes their comprehension. I know there

are many industrious, self-respecting negro men and women, and as taught by my parents, I yield to no one in a sincere regard for this class of people; but the majority of them regard the crime of rape on the same level with which they regard the crime of lewdness This is a truth which no intelligent, fair-minded member of the race in the south will deny. You question the colored workmen in your foundry," Bruce said to the ex-Mayor. "Willis Snow, the best negro man in Camden, will confirm this statement. You ask the janitor of your apartment house, Free-He's truthful and intelligent; you'll get it straight from him. Whenever a negro rapist is convicted before the courts, the masses of his race fiercely declare his innocence—resent even the prospect of his legal punishment as an insult to their race, and before his capture even conceal him from the search of pursuing officers, thereby becoming accomplices to the crime of rape.

"These well-known truths are the inner reasons of mob violence in our section. Eliminate from the south the class of citizens of whom the men of mobs form a type, and our white women would live lives of haunted terror. All honor to the nervy men in the rank and file of life! It is they who fight our battles; it is they who man our ships; we must confess it is to them, largely, we look for protection in times

of distress and danger.

"Honor for pure womanhood has evermore been the strongest principle of a manly heart. Even in the barbarous days of old, when a mighty lord of the land would carry off to his castle some beautiful maiden who had pleased his amorous fancy, then a hundred knights with lances poised rode swiftly to rescue the unknown

woman detained against her will!"

Here Bruce paused a moment, stopped by the applause of his hearers, then went on: "Why do Sheriff Shipley's opponents object to his reëlection? Well do the thoughtful men of this town know that it means a more harmonious attitude in the present strained relations between white employer and colored employee. It means the safety and security of the home. It means, for the present, the protection of white women against further attacks of negro rapists.

"Why shall this confederate captain suffer? Because a band of enraged men avenged the ruined life of a daughter of a man who wore the Blue; for the victim of the brutish Jackson was the daughter of an Ohio republican, a soldier of the Grand Army, who fought four years to free the negro—then received as his reward the dishonor of his daughter!" Bruce finished with flushed face and flashing eyes; then walked to Freeman's side, amid the loud approval of his

friends.

"Was the unfortunate girl in question the daughter of a federal soldier?" asked the young merchant, lately from Virginia.

"Yes," replied the ex-Mayor, "her father fought with my oldest brother in the Ninety-

ninth Ohio Regiment."

"It seems to me," said the young merchant, "under the present circumstances that the sol-

diers of the Grand Army would be apt to express a manly sympathy for the men of the so-called mob. It certainly has taken away, to a large extent, from an old comrade's heart the sting of his daughter's humiliation, to know that the black brute had met a just and speedy death at the hands of outraged citizens."

"Ah!" exclaimed Freeman, "if my father were

alive, he would applaud that sentiment."

"Well do we know," Colonel Watkins said to Colonel Carleton, "what our confederate veterans would do to aid these men, who had so effectually avenged the honor of a daughter of an old comrade."

"Yes," cried Colonel Carleton in response, "and I'll never believe but that the soldiers of the Grand Army will feel as we would feel, until their conduct proves the contrary. In this case, it is the womanhood of our nation which has been avenged," the old Colonel added with emotion.

At that moment Sheriff Shipley entered the room and the men greeted him with warmth, the republican Judge and ex-Mayor giving

him a cordial welcome.

The younger men sat apart, discussing more personal matters, while the three war comrades conversed together. Freeman soon observed that Colonel Carleton was in a reminiscent mood, and he moved nearer for he was ever charmed with the stories of the past from the lips of this grand old man, the father of the beautiful girl he loved. The other men listened, as Colonel Carleton, addressing Captain Shipley, said: "Joe, you remember Robinson, the chaplain of my

regiment? Twenty years after the war was over

I met him in New York.

"Among other incidents he related that an Englishman once asked him this question: 'Where was the power by which that little handful of a southern army held the great north at bay for four long years?' The chaplain replied: "It was the southern women, in their dresses of homespun, singing Dixie and the Bon-

nie Blue Flag.'"

Bruce Carleton again started to his feet: "And the same spirit is here to-day," he cried, as he flung his clenched hand on the oaken table before him. "Men of a section have not changed in forty years. But, father while the women of Dixie sang, you fought a noble foe who came in open battle to fight for the right as they saw it. We men of the south to-day must guard our loved ones from the black beast who comes with the tiger's stealth to mutilate his prey. And we'll protect our women as long as a drop of manly blood flows in southern veins!"

A storm of applause burst from the men around him, and Eugene Freeman cheered anew as the fires of Puritan justice burned in his steel-

gray eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

The momentous day of the summer, the second of August, had arrived. The main interest of the voters of the county was centered in the all-important sheriff's election, the outcome of which was impossible to foretell since this political campaign had been the most peculiar ever waged in Camden.

A son of a democratic ex-governor of a southern state was determined in his opposition to

Captain Shipley.

A son of a republican war governor of a border state championed the cause of Sheriff Ship-

ley with loud acclaim.

But on the surface the views of the people were quietly expressed. Every effort had been made, and with success, to keep down any public antagonism. Many citizens were apparently neutral in their attitude, and Camden, to its sorrow, possessed many misguided philanthropists and unwise friends of the negro race.

Bruce Carleton, with the consent of his partners, quitting business for a week, had made every effort towards the sheriff's reëlection. In and out, in the haunts of men about town, in the hotel rotundas, on the street corners, and in the business offices he had gone, speaking a firm and manly word in behalf of Captain Shipley

with that spirit of patriotism which had ever thrilled the Carleton blood at any public issue.

The morning of election day Mrs. Carleton had shared an early breakfast with her son, who as he left home with a wave of his hand to his mother, cried: "To-day will prove whether there's more negro-lovers and milksops or true men in Harrison county," then went to spend the day at the polls.

Scarcely a ripple of excitement disturbed the quiet of this unusual election in Camden; but when the polls were closed at six o'clock in the evening, the voters of Harrison county with the weapon of American manhood had struck for

their homes and firesides!

Olivia sat in the library of her home at Ridgway, her friend, Mrs. Murray, bearing her company while little Bob and Bess lingered, themselves, too excited to sleep at the usual hour. Hugh Bryan and the men of the Carleton home were on the streets downtown inquiring for every detail of election returns. Olivia spoke lightly on trivial topics while she watched the clock and listened for the ring of the telephone.

Nine-thirty! With a vexed impatience that the men of her home had forgotten her anxiety, she rang up the sheriff's office where she knew the alert and courteous deputy sat waiting to answer the telephone calls of the women of

Camden and Harrison county.

"How goes the sheriff's election?" asked

Olivia with a fast-beating heart.

"I have the honor to inform you, madam, that Captain Shipley has been elected sheriff of Harrison county by more than fifteen hundred votes," came a genial voice from the other end of the wire.

"Is that all?" she inquired in disappointed tones.

A pause—then a surprised voice replied: "Why—we think that's pretty good."

"Yes, sir, that's good," she said; "but not half

good enough."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied the

ever-courteous deputy.

Olivia repeated this good news to her Ohio friend. The little woman cried, "Hooray!" in tones of joy, then went dancing about the room while Bob whistled the tune of Dixie.

A few moments later Eugene Freeman called Mrs. Bryan up, with the message that he had just met her husband, eagerly interested in the fate of one of his fellow republicans, a candidate for a county clerkship. The Judge had requested Freeman to telephone her the news of Captain Shipley's reëlection. "Bruce is wild with joy," he added, "and will hardly go home before morning."

Again the telephone rang. This time it was her father rejoicing over the victory of his old comrade. Colonel Carleton sought Sheriff Shipley with warm words of gladness, then went home early in the evening to tell his wife the incidents of the election. This wise woman had ever left the men of her home to go to and fro at their will. One of her habits was never to embarrass them by awaiting their return in the evening; but in the seclusion of her room she

always listened for Bruce's coming. Now, in the early hours of the morning, she heard the sound of her son's night key in the door and his joyous step on the stair.

Then she and the old Colonel clapped their hands in greeting as with a tone of triumph in his mellow voice, this young man of the loyal

heart came down the hall singing:

"And shall Trelawny die?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Olivia is failing in health again," Mrs. Carleton remarked to the men of her home one day early in August. "I've trained her to unselfishness, still she does too much for others—she seems now to have something on her mind," said the anxious mother.

"She has kept me guessing for a dozen years what scheme she'll be up to next," Hugh Bryan said in a worried tone.

"She has been buzzing about all summer with a finger in every pie," was Colonel Carleton's comment as with a laugh he thought of his daughter's excited interest in the sheriff's election.

"Have you noticed that when Olivia puts her finger in the pie, she always pulls out a plum?" her admiring brother asked, with a remembrance of Ross Granville and the big patrolman.

"She's worn out, owing to continued work and worry she has had in the kitchen this summer, on account of the mutiny of the negroes of our county before the election," Judge Bryan remarked. "I want her to go with me next week to Uncle John's home on a fishing trip."

Olivia was indeed wearied with the heat and unusual work of the past few months. The feeling of dissatisfaction among the negroes of Camden had caused cooks to come and go with the weeks in her hitherto well-ordered home. More than half the work had been done with her own hands.

"Mrs. Bryan, you have the most surprising capacity of making a good show with less work than any one I ever saw," Mrs. Murray had once said to Olivia.

"Yes," the bright woman had replied, "I've always made a rule to let the head save the hands, the feet and the pocketbook, too. Then I put the best aspect on every phase of domestic life. Now, when the porch is covered with the children's footprints and those of the collie dogs, and friends come in, I never apologize for the dust and tracks, but, instead, I call attention to my honeysuckle and jessamine vines, then pick a bouquet for my visitors to take away with them. In their homes they say, 'What a lovely porch Mrs. Bryan has, with the vines and flowers growing around it, and she loves to share them with her friends;' and they haven't even seen the dusty floor which maybe hasn't been scrubbed for a week."

But now Olivia grew listless and weary. Betty's letters had informed the family of the traveling party's decision to come home within a short time; so Olivia, the optimist, confided to Bruce her plans for the western trip. "Hugh wants to spend his vacation on his uncle's farm, near Orton in the backwoods—you know the place, Bruce, where there's such good fishing. Margaret Lynn, Hugh's niece, is coming from South Carolina, on her way to Missouri, and will stop

for a few days' sightseeing in Camden. When her visit is over, I want to leave for Tom and Annie's home in the west. Don't say a word yet, Bruce, except to Eugene Freeman. Tell him at once. I've already asked old Mahaly to stay at mother's and help take care of the children. She's the only negro whom I know in Camden, unless it might be Caroline Taylor, in whose care I would leave Bess in my absence. Not that some other I might select would do my child any harm, but she wouldn't protect the little darling from the familiarity or even insults of others of the black race."

"There, sister, you've found the kernel which lies within the hard nut of the race problem. Not that all of their race would be guilty of vile crimes, even were the penalty of the law removed, but that with rare exceptions they protect the criminal from exposure and punishment is why they deserve the white man's censure,"

the young man earnestly remarked.

"Bruce, dear," his sister replied, "you must remember that justice to all has ever been a leading trait of the Carleton character. I've always thought that the reason many negroes protect their criminals from exposure is because they fear the vengeance of the vicious of their own race. Hugh says, a few days ago at Norton's big wholesale house, one of the negro drivers had stolen something of great value from the manager. Another darkey, seeing the man with the stolen article, had at once told his employer. Then the thief got busy and with the aid of the rest of the negro employees

started in to wreak his vengeance on the honest negro. The white men of the establishment promptly defended the worthy darkey; but a squad of police, taking their riot guns, was compelled to go to the rescue before order was restored."

"I heard about that," Bruce returned. "I know that when a good negro exposes another's guilt, he almost risks his own life. The best ones among them deplore this condition, but if they want the white man's respect why don't they try to change such a state of affairs?"

"At any rate," was Olivia's loyal comment, "old Mahaly is one who approves of nothing

wrong of which her own may be guilty."

"Mahaly is the type through which father and mother see their faithful dark friends of the past. But old Mahaly is all white, except the little tinge of brown skin which in the south sends her to the kitchen with the other negroes,"

said this observant young man.

Twenty years before, on the afternoon when Colonel Carleton, arriving in Camden, had left his wife and children for a few moments in the waiting room of the Central station, the colored waitress there, seeing Olivia, then a pretty girl of fourteen, approached Mrs. Carleton, saying: "Lady, I wants to speak to your little girl a minute. She's jes' like my ole mistiss's daughter, Mis' Flora, the chile I nussed and raised down in Georgy. She died when she was fourteen years old, and when your little gal come in jes' now, it seemed like Mis' Flora had jes' come back from Heaven."

With the courtesy high-born southern women show to the respectful negro woman, Mrs. Carleton engaged in conversation with the wait-ress and learned that "her white folks" had, before the war, been wealthy planters in Georgia.

At once a strong attachment had sprung up btween Mahaly, the waitress, and little Olivia Carleton which grew stronger as the years

went by.

In the bright days of her society life in Camden, Olivia would confess to Mahaly many a tender speech or relate some act of pleasant gallantry on the part of her sweethearts that

she had been too shy to tell her mother.

When Olivia married Hugh Bryan, Mahaly* was the most interested of the bride's acquaintances in the wedding festivities; when little Bob and Bess were born, she left her work at the depot for a time, that she might herself "take keer of Mis' 'Livia." When Hugh Bryan was elected to office, old Mahaly was the proudest soul in Camden that Mis' 'Livia's husband had become a "Jedge."

And Olivia had responded to this loyal love with all the warmth of a generous, appreciative nature. When one of Mahaly's children needed legal help, it was Hugh Bryan who took efficient care of the matter for his wife's lowly friend. That dreadful morning when a daughter of this worthy woman met a tragic death, Olivia and Judge Bryan went quickly to her home to meet there the wife of the baggage-

^{*}A true character sketch.

master, one of the ticket agents, and the station-master himself, one of the most prominent men in Camden—all gathered to pay their tribute of aid and respect to their humble friend in distress. Sometimes her own children would return her love with unkindness; then Mahaly, secure in the knowledge of Olivia's friendship, would proudly reprove them with the words: "My white chile is the best chile I've got."

And, too, when the notorious case of Ned Jackson was disturbing the negroes of Camden, this loyal woman of another day asked Olivia: "Tell me how it was, honey. I know you'll tell it right." As Mrs. Bryan explained the details of the case in simple language, old Mahaly, patting the soft hand of her high-born friend, said: "De white folks know bes', honey. De

white folks know bes'."

Colonel Carleton, commenting on this strong attachment, once remarked: "You're fortunate, daughter, in being one of the few women of the present day who can personally realize the loyal love that existed between mistress and slave in the past."

"Yes," cried Bruce Carleton, "if there were any more of her race in Camden like old Mahaly, I'd be a negro-lover myself"—the most forceful tribute he could have paid to the old

woman's virtues.

"Be careful, Bruce, what you say about my plans," Olivia, the tactful, again urged. "You and Freeman cannot go to visit the Gordon ranch unless I do, and I can't go so far without Hugh. especially as it's just time for his vacation.

Hugh'll have a grand time out there; but if I tell him so, he'll mope and think I ought to go with him to that horrid farm of his uncle. I'm going this afternoon to see Dr. Burton," she added,

with a knowing look at her brother.

Bruce thought of Betty, her future welfare, and the dearest wish of his life, that she might become the wife of his friend, Eugene Freeman. Then he looked with laughing eyes at his scheming sister, and giving her hand a glad squeeze, remarked in admiration: "Olivia, you always had the brains of the Carleton family."

The next day Doctor Burton advised Hugh Bryan that his wife must have a radical change

to restore her wearied strength.

"Don't send her, Judge, to the mountains or seashore. Let her go to some place where she has never been before, say a trip to the western plains," added the good doctor, one of Mrs. Bry-

an's most highly prized friends in Camden.

The anxious husband reported the doctor's words to his listless wife. "Dr. Burton said the western plains—the very thing!" he added, with another thought. "I've just received a letter from Tom Gordon; he invites us to visit him, right away, and he wants Bruce and some young man to come with us, to help make up the proper number of men in the next house party. Why! Eugene Freeman is the very man. You must go with them, Olivia, and I'll stay at home and look after Bob and Bess. Your mother is not strong enough to have the care of those two youngsters by herself," the uneasy husband urged with the memory of his wife's suffering

in that dreadful year of the past ready for any

sacrifice to restore her strength.

Then Olivia told him she would not go a step without him, saying that old Mahaly would help her mother take care of the children. And this clever woman was soon busy preparing for the trip to the western plains.

"How is it, Olivia," asked Bruce Carleton of his sister, "that without any antagonism, you've

always done as you please?"

"May I answer you, Bruce," she returned a little proudly, "as father once answered the same question? One of my school teachers in Virginia said to him, 'Your daughter Olivia, while seemingly obedient and dutiful, always manages to do as she pleases.' Father, giving her one of his courtly bows, replied, 'My daughter does as she pleases, Madam, because she pleases to do right.' I want to take a trip that will be of interest to us all and at the same time restore my strength; for you know, brother, that I'm not well. This visit will give you and Hugh a much-needed rest; it will take Freeman to the girl he loves—and will end, as you'll see, in his and Betty's marriage—and if you don't call that right, Bruce Carleton, what do you call right?" she asked with a woman's unanswerable logic. "And then, when our visit has ended with happiness to all, Hugh Bryan, with one of his superior smiles, will tell you that he planned the trip to the western plains," Olivia finished with a merry smile as Bruce left the room in a fit of laughter.

Soon after the sheriff's election, Betty had

written her mother: "I first received the news of Captain Shipley's victory in a letter from Eugene Freeman. He evidently wrote it an hour or so after the election returns were in, for he said, 'As I came to my room to write you, I met Judge Bryan on Main street, consumed with anxiety over the fate of a fellow republican. He requested me to telephone his wife the news of Sheriff Shipley's reëlection to-night by a majority of more than fifteen hundred votes. I was much gratified at having the pleasure of informing Mrs. Bryan of this good tidings.' A nice way of saying, mother, that he voted for Captain Shipley. And wasn't it lovely of him to do it, with all the prejudices of the past behind him? He now sees that what he once thought wrong is right. Ah! trust the man of New England to follow where his conscience leads!

"Then, though he knew that I care for Harry Shipley almost as I care for Bruce himself, yet he also knows that Harry is father's favorite of my men friends—and on account of that I think it was doubly nice of Eugene to vote for Sheriff Shipley. The news of the Captain's reëlection came in a special delivery letter—one of the many I have received from Eugene since I left home. I have always doted on special delivery letters. I dote now on the thoughtful man who

writes them."

Olivia awaited only the coming of her expected guest, Margaret Lynn, from South Carolina, before leaving for the desired journey. But the young girl was detained for several days, and one night after ten o'clock Mrs. Bryan received

a telegram informing her that Margaret would arrive at eleven o'clock that night. Judge Bryan and Colonel Carleton had gone to Bainsville, their train being due several hours later than the one by which the guest would arrive. Bruce was again visiting the home of Captain Douglass at the Army Post, and their telephone was out of order.

"I'm in despair, Mrs. Murray," said Olivia, in a distressed tone to her sympathetic neighbor. "Margaret must not ride from the Central Station three miles to Ridgway, alone with a negro cabman, near midnight. Old Frank whom we always patronize, broke his arm in a runaway last week, and I don't know any of the other cabmen. Not that some of them wouldn't protect Margaret, if she needed help; but we never know which one that might be—especially," she added, "since this new race antagonism in Camden."

"I wouldn't like to take such a drive alone myself, and it would be unpleasant for any

young girl," Mrs. Murray remarked.

"I know what I'll do," Olivia observed, the anxious look leaving her face. "If I can locate Harry Shipley over the 'phone, he'll meet Margaret and ride here with her." Then ringing his number, she found him eager to do the favor she asked, pleased that she should have requested his aid in this moment of perplexity.

"I do think," Mrs. Murray observed, "that the ease with which you southern women ask a kindness of the men friends of your family is one of the loveliest phases of life in the south. And the best part," she continued, "is the pleas-

ure with which they grant your requests."

"We've always been accustomed to such courtesy," Olivia replied. "But do you think this kindness belongs only to the men of our section?"

"It prevails here," her friend returned, "to a greater extent than anywhere else I know of."

"Let me tell you of an experience I had several years ago in New England," Mrs. Bryan said to the little neighbor, ever interested in her stories. "You remember, I've told you that Hugh has a cousin living in Philadelphia who owned a little summer cottage at Walton, on the Massachusetts coast. I'd gone with my husband to New York where he'd been called on business about some kind of bonds—I don't exactly understand such things—and after his business was finished, the Judge left me to visit our friends on Riverside Drive for a week.

"While there I received an urgent letter from Mrs. Barrett, Hugh's favorite cousin, to visit them before I returned south. She had lost most of her property the year previous, had given up her home in Philadelphia and was spending the winter at the little cottage in the seacoast village. I knew it would please my husband to shorten my stay with my wealthy New York friends to visit the family of his now unfortunate relative. I did not inform our cousin of the hour of my arrival, supposing of course that the railway station was in the village and that I could telephone her and drive to her home. You know respectable men drive hacks

in New England towns," she added, with a thought of her present need of Harry Shipley.

"I traveled through a snow-storm which began after I left New York, and reached Walton about eleven o'clock at night. As I walked in the darkness to the depot platform, I saw a man drive a wagon—what we'd call a transfer wagon, but which in that section is called the express—up to the station. I asked a solitary bystander if he knew whether or not I could get a cab at the depot, later. He replied in the negative. Then I walked into the waiting-room and found myself alone—it seemed that the station agent had left his office for a moment after the departure of the last train.

"As I stood, hesitating what to do, the rear door of the waiting-room opened and a man, plainly but neatly dressed with a kind look on his rugged face crossed the room towards me. He didn't even lift his hat as he said: 'I heard you speak to the man outside.* You are a stranger from the south,' he added with a look

of interest.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'but how did you know that I am from the south?'

"'By your voice,' he answered.

"Then I told him that I wished to go to the home of my cousin, Mrs. Barrett, which I'd supposed was near the station. I'd heard Hugh say his relative was reserved and knew few of the village folk.

"'No,' he replied, 'Walton station is two miles from Walton village. There is no hack line in

^{*}An incident in the life of the writer.

operation at this time of year. We have a telegraph and telephone service, but there has been a heavy storm this afternoon and the wires are down. I am the expressman here,' he added, 'and must meet the next trains. If it were not for that I would take you over myself.'
"'What shall I do?' I asked him, in helpless

bewilderment.

"'Wait one minute,' he answered, as he left the room. Returning immediately, he said: 'Come. One of my friends is passing in a sleigh; he is going not far from Mrs. Barrett's home, and will take you over.'

"As we approached the man on the only seat of the sleigh, the expressman said: 'Mr. Law-

rence, here's a stranger from the south.'

"Then, with a few words he helped me to the seat by his friend's side, and, tucking the buffalo robe about me, said: 'See her safely, Lawrence, to her cousin's home.'

"And I, Olivia Bryan, twelve hundred miles from home, was speeding along a lonely snowbound road, under a midnight sky, by the side of a man of whom, five minutes before, I had never even heard. Yet, as I looked into his shrewd though honest, face and met his keen but kindly eye, I felt the same sense of protection as if I'd been sitting by the side of Bruce Carleton himself.

"We soon reached our destination, a cottage set far back from the road, among shadowy trees, on the side of the frozen bay.

"Leaving the sleigh at the little gate, my newly found friend walked ahead, my suit-case in his hand, taking short strides that I might follow in his footsteps through the deeply drifted snow, speaking now and then a reassuring word as we slowly made our way to my cousin's door.

"When I shook his hand and thanked him warmly for his goodness, he didn't even lift his hat as he replied: 'I was glad to help you, a

stranger from the south.'

"Ah! if these men had missed the chivalry of manner, they had found the chivalry of heart, indeed!

"And one of my dearest memories," Olivia added softly, "is of that December night, on their dreary, ice-bound shore, when those two rugged men of New England took care of 'a stranger from the south!"

CHAPTER XXII.

At length the preparations were completed for the trip to the western plains, and Mrs. Bryan fatigued with the work of the last few hours was worn and nervous.

"Olivia looks so pale this morning; it hurts me to have her leave us in this condition," said

the anxious mother, with a sigh.

"Never you mind about Olivia," her brother replied. "She's pale and tired now, but just wait until she gets what she's been going after and you'll see how well she'll look. I guess it's a symptom of her nervous trouble," he added with a knowing wink.

So, with her children safe in Mahaly's care, under their grandmother's direction, and her husband, brother and his friend ready for a trip to the far west, it was a gay and radiant woman that the train carried out of the Central station

that happy August morning.

Two weeks later, Mrs. Carleton sat in a corner of her vine-shaded veranda, reading a letter from Olivia, just received in the afternoon mail:

"My darling Mother (she began):

"Bruce has just brought me your last letter in which I note with delight that everything is serene and pleasant with you. Another week will bring our visit to a close. Hugh must be home before his court meets, and Mr. Freeman will leave us at St. Louis, going on to Boston where he will remain several weeks on business. I have already written you a description of the ranch and mode of life here, and of Tom's and Annie's goodness to us. Dr. Burton said a radical change was what I needed, and, as usual,

his prescription just suits the case.

"I wish you could know these big-hearted western people; their minds as broad as their boundless prairies; their love of humanity as strong as the winds that blow over their fertile plains. I am filled with enthusiasm at this grand country, much to Tom's joy who thought I nad received the acme of praise when a big ranch owner said to him: 'Why, Gordon, Mrs. Bryan is just like a western woman.' Hugh says he's glad that I never visited in the west before I married him.

"Think of it, mother! The nearest town where Betty left the train to join us, is twenty miles away; but Tom's ranch is half that big itself. And it only seems a little jaunt over to Brixton in this land of great distances. Some of the house party went with Annie a few days ago to the little cattle fair in Brixton. The other women said it was a bore; but I never enjoyed a day more thoroughly in my life, meeting and making a good impression on Tom's and Annie's friends.

"You know, mother, I always liked strangers—or, rather to me, there are no strangers. In

a sense, we are all children of one Father on

our way to a common Home.

"And how small the world is, after all. Think who surprised us the other day by joining our happy party, on his way home from the Pacific coast-Archer Vaughn, my old Texas sweetheart—the one you liked, mother, the best of all my beaux. He's the same jolly, good fellow and fine gentleman that he was in the merry days of the past. His wife is with him, a pretty woman, though haughty and reserved towards me. What do you suppose that husband of mine told me last night? With not more than a halfpleased air he said, 'As you passed us on the veranda to-day Vaughn remarked, "She's more charming, Judge, than she was fifteen years ago." Then Hugh added with a proud smile, 'I know what he thought of Olivia Carleton fifteen years ago.'

"Arch Vaughn's wife is one of Annie's distant cousins; she is an attractive little woman, but grows stiff and sullen if her husband seems interested in anything I do or say—the little fool—I would just love to shake her soundly; but, even in the gayest days of my girlhood, I never could bear to cause any woman the tiniest mite of heartache about some man she loved, so I never say anything to Arch, except when Hugh is around. As you know, mother, I was always a very careful girl; I am so glad now, because with this old sweetheart in our party, I can stand by my husband's side and look into the eyes of Archer Vaughn, innocent as an angel, and know that in a courtship of two years he never even

held my hand at parting; though I cannot deny that what he sometimes said to me might be interesting reading. Hugh says he is proud his wife can say what few other women can—and he knows it is the truth, too, because in his own courtship he had the same experience; and I was no prude, either, but a merry, warm-hearted girl.

"Another friend about whom you will like to hear, is Tom's oldest sister, Mrs. Preston who is almost an invalid and lives with the Gordons now. I have been telling her about Dr. Burton's marvelous genius and skill; of what he did for me when the best doctors in the north and east had failed. She has decided on coming to Camden to see our wonderful doctor in the early part of the winter. Bruce overheard us talking about this plan and remarked, with a laugh: 'There you go again, Olivia, corraling every sick

woman in sight for Dr. Burton to cure.'

"I have written you about our rides and drives over the prairies. Think of a country without a tree in sight, except those which have been planted for shading the ranch houses and the willows growing on the banks of the two artificial lakes—tanks, they call them here. These tanks are built by the ranch owners to reserve a supply of water for the cattle in time of drouth. The Judge is having the time of his life as he sits on the shady side of the windswept verandas and tells his sly jokes to a circle of admiring men. You know, Hugh has a mania for fishing; that is the reason he wanted to take his vacation at his uncle's farm on the Tennessee river. One of the tanks—I want to

call it a lake—is stocked with the finest fish I ever saw; and here it is, under the willows, that

Hugh spends his mornings.

"Coming in the other day with a bigger catch than any of the party, he exclaimed in high glee: 'Olivia, wasn't it fortunate that Dr. Burton suggested a trip to the western plains for our vacation; and it was more lucky still,' he added, 'I thought of this place to visit; that is, after getting Tom Gordon's letter.' I wish you could have seen Bruce Carleton's face as he suddenly left the room.

"He, too, is having a great time, happy all day long; but when is it that Bruce Carleton is not happy, except when he thinks about Ned Jackson and the negroes of Camden? Tom Gordon told Hugh the cowboys are wild over Bruce, and Annie invited a lovely western girl here to meet him. While he pays her every courtesy, whenever the mail train from the east is due, he leaves everything to gallop over to Brixton on Tom's fastest horse. Coming back yesterday from one of these trips, he gave me some of his own letters to read. I caught sight of another letter addressed in a feminine hand. I don't know Dorothy's handwriting, but I saw the Fort Dodge postmark. My brother's eyes grew brighter, as he said: 'I can't let you see this one, Olivia,' and then walked away with a wellpleased air. It must be the law of affinity that makes Bruce love a captain's daughter for he is a born soldier himself.

"But the generous soul of these western people has made our New England friend the honored guest of the party. While he is the essence of courtesy and culture, he has eyes and

ears only for Betty.

"Of course, my beautiful sister is the toast of the company. The women all like her because she is pleasantly indifferent to any attentions which their husbands might show her. You know that Betty Carleton would die at the martyr's stake, as Bruce says, before she would give more than a friendly glance to any married man, and the men, responding to her innocence and purity, treat her as they would a little sister at home.

"Why, sometimes I see Freeman grow almost shy in his adoring love as the beauty of her character develops day by day. Our trip to the west is sure to end in Betty's marriage to Eugene Freeman; and where could she find another husband like him? So trustworthy, so just, so refined, and imbued with such high ideals of life. Hugh says he is glad I never met any young men of New England before I married him.

"I wish the story of our innocent pleasures was all; but, ah! mother, even in this pure air of the western prairies, I see the trail of the serpent of Eden. Mrs. Carson is the wife of one of Tom Gordon's best friends, a very busy man in a western city who once helped Tom to stem the tide of a financial panic. Mr. Carson, at the last moment, was unable to join the house party, but is coming to accompany his wife home.

"This woman is beautiful, rather with the at-

traction of rich coloring and animation than of perfect features. She is fascinating, too, with that magnetic charm more dangerous to the peace of men than the coarse lack of virtue itself. She seems to feast on the homage of the men of our party. She even comes flirting round Hugh—think of it!—flirting around Hugh Bryan, the most loyal man to his wife in Camden! He has a whole lot of fun at my expense—but, while I have every confidence in my husband, I do not like Mrs. Carson's maneuvers one bit.

"At first she made straight for my brother. Ah! one of the devil's best weapons is the insincere flattery with which designing women pamper the vanity of their intended victim. But she had spotted the wrong game that time; for Bruce Carleton is a whole six feet of manhood, from the top of his highly poised head to the tip of his stylish boots. Thanks, too, to his father's blood and his mother's training, he hardly notices Mrs. Carson, except now and then to give her a sidelong glance of scorn. I do not doubt Bruce might, unknown to us, be guilty of some little gayeties like other young men of the day—but I would stake my life on Bruce Carleton-that, if some man's wife were in the question, he'd be another 'Joseph.'

"I believe Eugene Freeman would be all right, even under other circumstances—but now, when this fast woman tries to attract his attention, he only looks over her head towards Betty. But all the men here are not like Hugh, Bruce and his friend, and there are some sad hearts in this

ranch house to-day.

"All the revenge we women can take is to hold little indignation meetings, in groups of two and three, as we pass about the place. Then, like the smiling hypocrites that our pride and society make us, in her presence we act as if we had seen nothing wrong whatever. Annie says she shall never come here again; but the memory of Tom's obligation to the husband, as well as her duties as hostess, now compel her to show her undesirable guest, respect. Annie says Carson adores his wife. What kind of a woman must she be, mother, who, aside from her own sense of purity, accepts her husband's love and protection and spends his money for her own comfort while she trails his name in the mire, in the eyes of other men?

"Although living in the west the past two years, Mrs. Carson is a southern woman, and should be doubly ashamed of herself. I think that when the men of our section are so eager in one sense to protect our virtue, we should in another sense be very careful of our conduct.

"It is almost time now, mother, to dress for dinner. We have some lovely though appro-

priate gowns on this far-off ranch.

"Mother, you used to say Eugene Freeman was a little too distant in his manner. He may have been a little icy at first, but he has thawed out now, under this western warmth and influence of Betty's love. I would like to know where the cold reserve of New England is, in the proud and happy lover whom I see coming gaily up the path beside my charming sister. "We get the Camden papers every other day,

and in my delightful vacation I have only one care—an anxious thought for the possible welfare of those good friends of the women of Camden, the nervy men who sent Ned Jackson to his well-deserved death that dreadful night last March. If, by any chance, they should be punished they will be martyrs—martyrs in a grand cause—the protection of the virtuous

womanhood of Harrison county.

"Tell father, when he sees Captain Shipley, to give him our best wishes and hopes, that his unpleasant trouble with the Supreme Court will soon terminate in his favor. If, however, he and the so-called mob should suffer, I think the women of our whole country should pray for executive clemency from the head of our Government. And with woman's intuition I pin my faith to the man of the earnest soul and pure heart who sits in the President's chair in Washington.

"Mother, be sure to keep an eye on Bob about playing ball on Sunday. I want him to know that God's day is different from the other days in the week. That boy can slip through your fingers like an eel when he is after a game of baseball; but he is a dear little fellow, and I hope will grow up into a combination of his father and mine. Bess wrote me a sweet letter last week in which she proudly said that she had more stars on her Sunday school card than any

other girl in her class.

"Be sure to tell Mahaly I knew she would take as good care of my children as I would myself, and say to old Ellen that I have not eaten any

biscuit like hers on the western plains.

"Arch Vaughn, Annie and Mrs. Preston send cordial greetings and the home folks here join me in dearest love to you and father. With a kiss for you both and my darling babies, I am, as ever,

"Your devoted daughter,

"OLIVIA BRYAN.

"P. S.—If Christopher & Co. should have one of those splendid sales before I come home, be sure to buy a big lot of laces and embroideries. We will need it for Betty's trousseau this winter."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Olivia and her merry party had returned some weeks since from their visit to the western plains. Eugene Freeman still remained in the east, detained by business. Judge Bryan was away from home, attending to the duties of his judicial circuit, and Olivia with her children was visiting the Carleton home during her husband's absence.

All Camden awaited with intense and anxious interest the result of the proceedings of the Supreme Court at Washington where Sheriff Shipley, his deputies, and fifteen members of the so-called mob had been summoned to answer the

charge of contempt.

"Listen, Olivia, and you, too, mother," Betty Carleton said entering the library on this October afternoon, "the Sentinel has come earlier than usual, and here's an account from Washington of the pleasant reception given by the President to Captain Shipley and his party," then read the following special from the national capital, a smile of gladness playing over her lovely face:

"Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 1906.

* "The entire Camden party that is in Wash-

^{*}Words copied from a Chattanooga newspaper dated Oct. 16, 1906.

ington at this time from force of circumstances, called on the President this afternoon. It was at the suggestion of a newspaper representative that Captain Shipley, Judge Russell, and the others thought of the propriety of paying their respects to our Chief Executive. Arriving at the White House, the reporter sent in his card, stating that he desired to introduce Captain J. F. Shipley, sheriff of Harrison county, Tennessee.

"An audience was granted at once, and dozens of waiters watched the Camden party pass them

in the lobby.

"The President was courteously disposing of a caller who had just been interviewing him on some cherished scheme. The party circled around our Chief Executive and stood with unconscious looks of admiration while he kindly dismissed his persistent visitor. He was dressed in a gray Prince Albert suit, modest and unassuming, as is his wont. The ever-present eyeglasses and smile (if it is not sometimes more) met the Tennesseans as he turned.

"The reporter thought to be spokesman, but Captain Shipley needed no introduction The President at once recognized him, called him by name, and showed in every look that he was 'delighted,' although he disappointed all his callers

by failing to pronounce that word

"'Captain Shipley, I am sure I am truly glad to shake your hand,' began the President. 'I intended to make an hour for you to-morrow, but it is a pleasure to meet you again, even for a moment. I remember very well, when I visited Camden I was given the time of my life. If I

could see that you and your friends were entertained half so well as I was in your famous city, I would be more than happy. By the way, you had a cousin who was killed in the battle at San Juan. His name was Ezra Shipley, an officer in the Tenth Cavalry, and a more gallant commander never led a troop into a charge. He was from Charlotte, N. C. A few years ago it was my happiness to remember the widow of that gallant officer. She was living with her people at Fayetteville, N. C., and that town wanted a new postmaster. Some of my political friends were contending for the appointment. One day I was informed that Lieutenant Shipley's widow lived there. I said, 'Why not appoint her as a compromise?' It was a happy thought, and I want to assure you, her kinsman, that I have not been sorry for that little act."

"The President had something to say to each member of the party of callers. He remarked that East Tennessee furnished men of manly height as well as of strong personality and intellect. His reception given under extraordinary circumstances in violation of his custom, and intrenching upon his busy hours, was a revelation to those in the party who had never

seen the President before."

"Didn't I write you, mother, that I pinned my faith to the man of the earnest soul and pure heart who sits in the President's chair in Washington?" Olivia cried, in gleeful triumph.

"If he only knew the truth as we know it," the gentle Betty said, "he would feel as Bruce,

Hugh, and father feel—yes, Olivia, as Eugene thinks, too," she added, as she caught a glimpse

of the arch smile on her sister's face.

"Betty, have you and mother been reading the series of articles that have been running in the Home Journal for some time, in which the claim is made that the President is interested in all public vital questions concerning the home? This question of the fate of Captain Shipley and the nervy men is one public, vital question that concerns many thousand homes If the President should interest himself in the welfare of these men, then indeed will his name be blessed in every home of our section—then will he go down into history, the idol of the southern women."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton, "if his southern mother, long since a saint with God, were on earth to-day, she would plead with her noble son for the welfare of these men—the welfare for which the women of her country fervently hope and pray. And for this aid," she added softly, in a reverent voice, "the God we worship

will give him a crown in heaven."

Betty, her eyes filling with tears, heard the words of love and religion ever on the lips of this gentle mother. Then glancing through the window, she ran to meet the messenger boy whom she saw coming to the door, with a broad grin on his dust-smeared face, to deliver "one of them special delivery letters that Miss Betty likes so well to get." This was the little messenger whom the office girl had once told Olivia always made a dash for his wheel when a call came for

this same little fellow had been thrown from his bicycle by a careless driver in front of Colonel Carleton's home. It was Betty, viewing the accident from the veranda who had been first to reach his side. It was Betty who led him, bruised and half stunned, into the house, bathed his face at the pantry sink, and then giving him a delicious iced drink, telephoned the office the cause of his delay—a trifle in the life of Betty Carleton reared in an atmosphere of love and tenderness; but "the beautiful young lady" who had been so kind to him had ever since been dear to the heart of this little soldier of the street.

In the letter just received, Eugene Freeman with tender words informed Betty of his intended arrival in Camden that afternoon, and expressed a desire to come to her father's home

later in the day.

The last rays of the mellow October sunshine fell across the broad veranda as Betty Carleton stood by her father's side, awaiting the approach of her manly lover who had just arrived from the east. From the froth and frivolity of the past a new Betty had arisen—a woman with clearer vision who saw the worth of character and principle instead of magnetic charm. A touch of tender thoughtfulness on the delicate face only enhanced its beauty, and the sweetness of her nature shed a gentle charm as the perfume floats from the rose which grew on the climbing vine beside her.

Colonel Carleton stood with thoughtful air and proudly noted Freeman's noble presence as

he came with quick step and radiant face up the terraced slope which led to the Carleton home.

The old Colonel glanced half shyly at his daughter's face. The warm flush of welcome was on her cheek; the starry eyes were illumined by the glow of love; and he looked down the coming years and saw the happiness which awaited her—Betty, the beautiful—Betty, his best beloved.

THE END.

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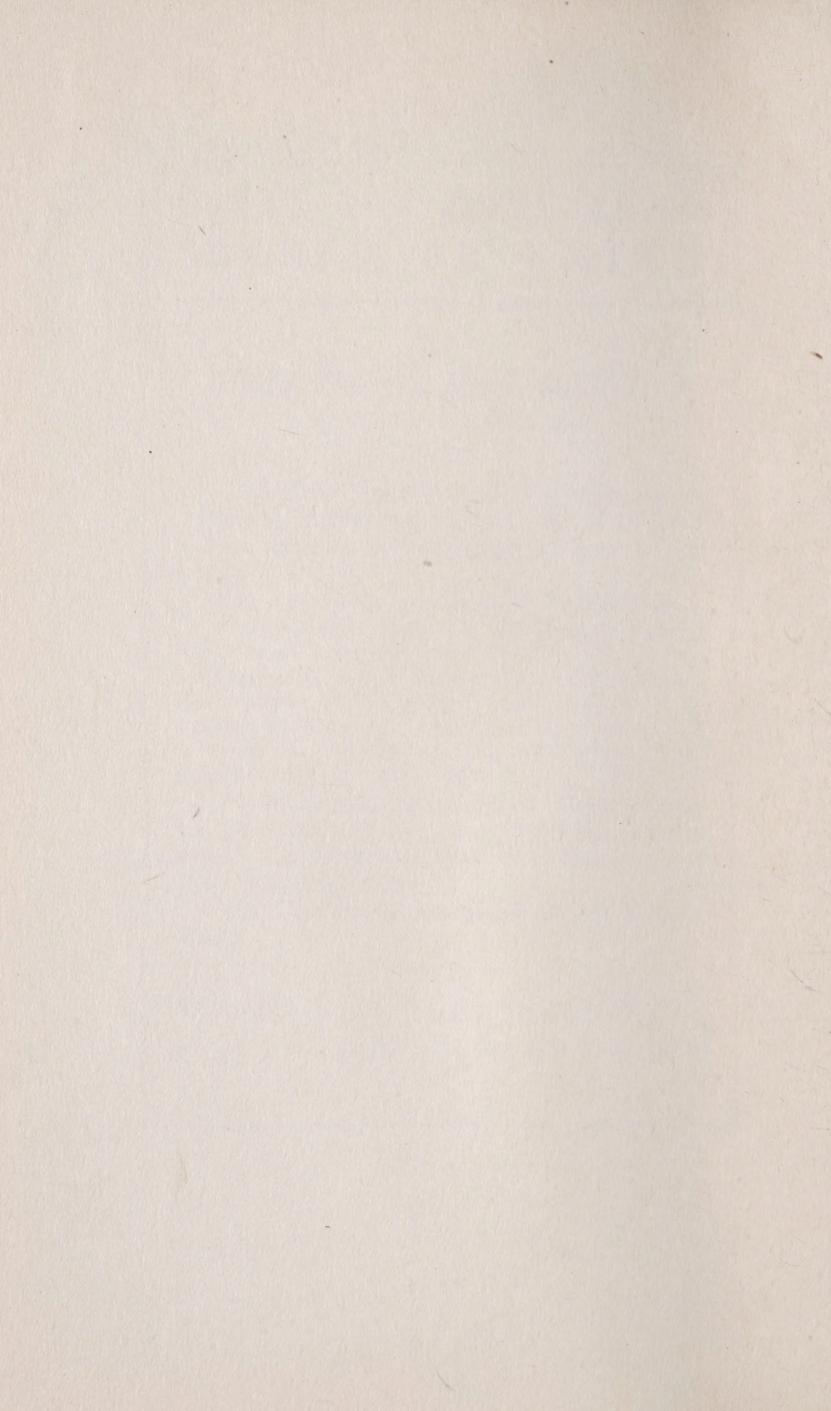
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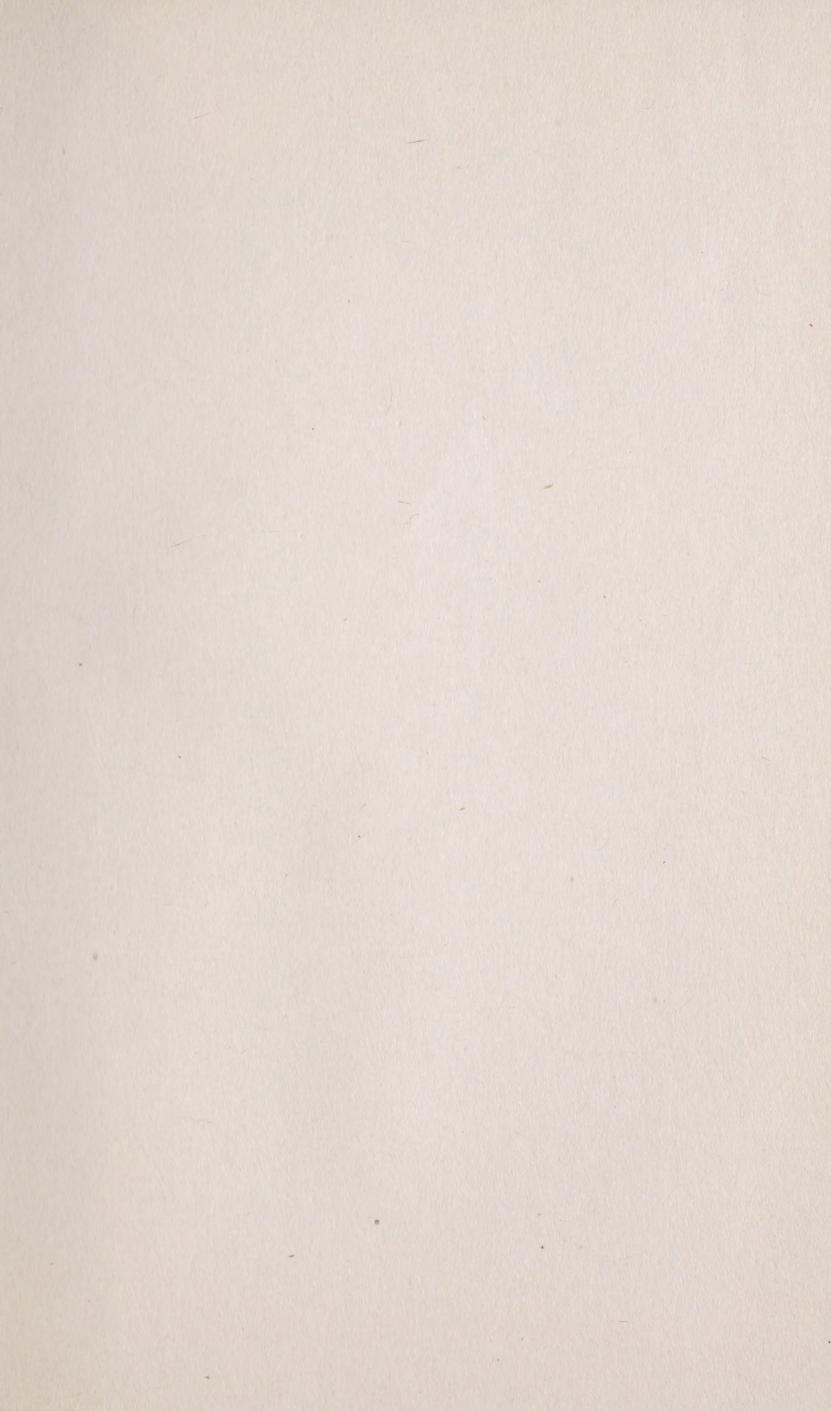
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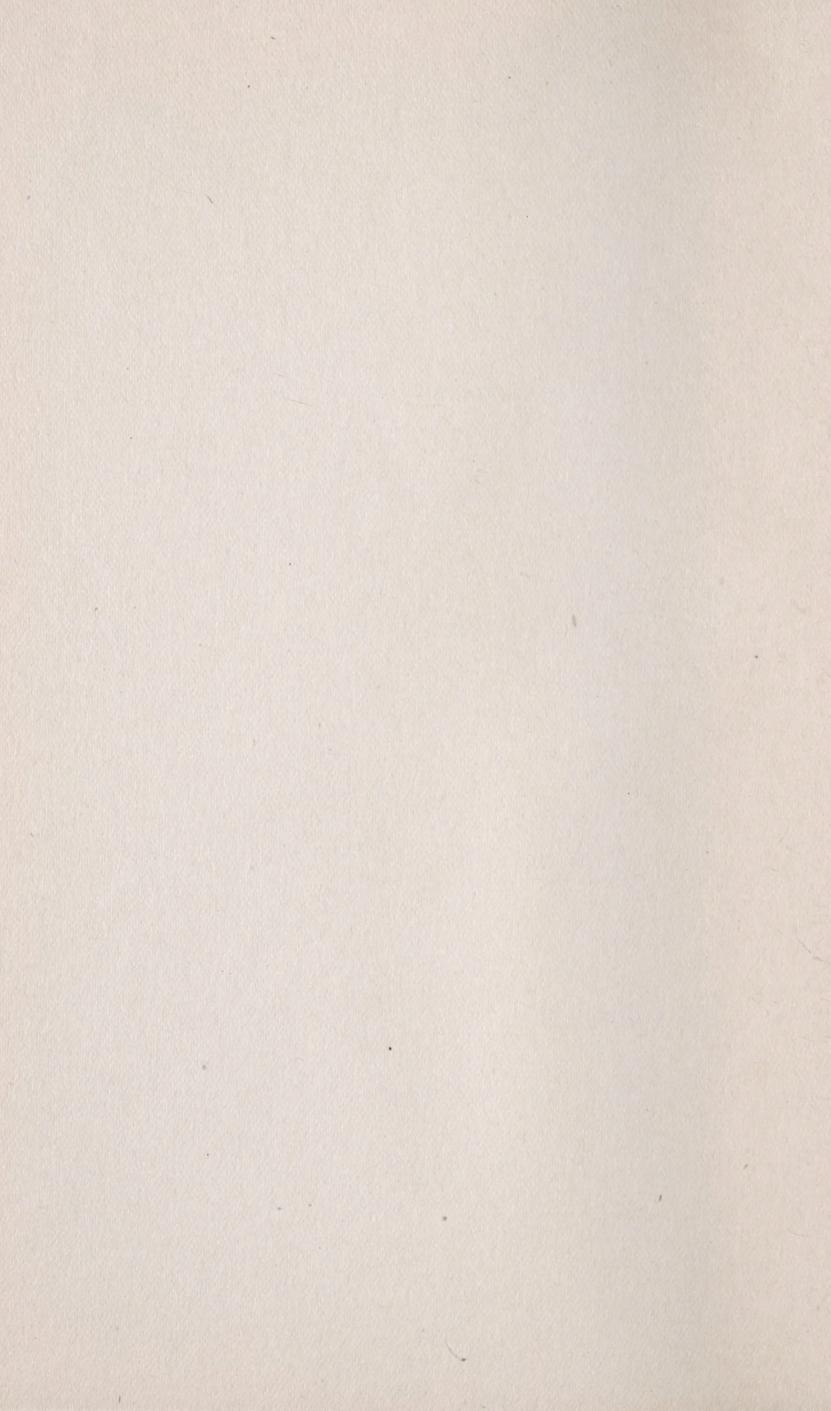
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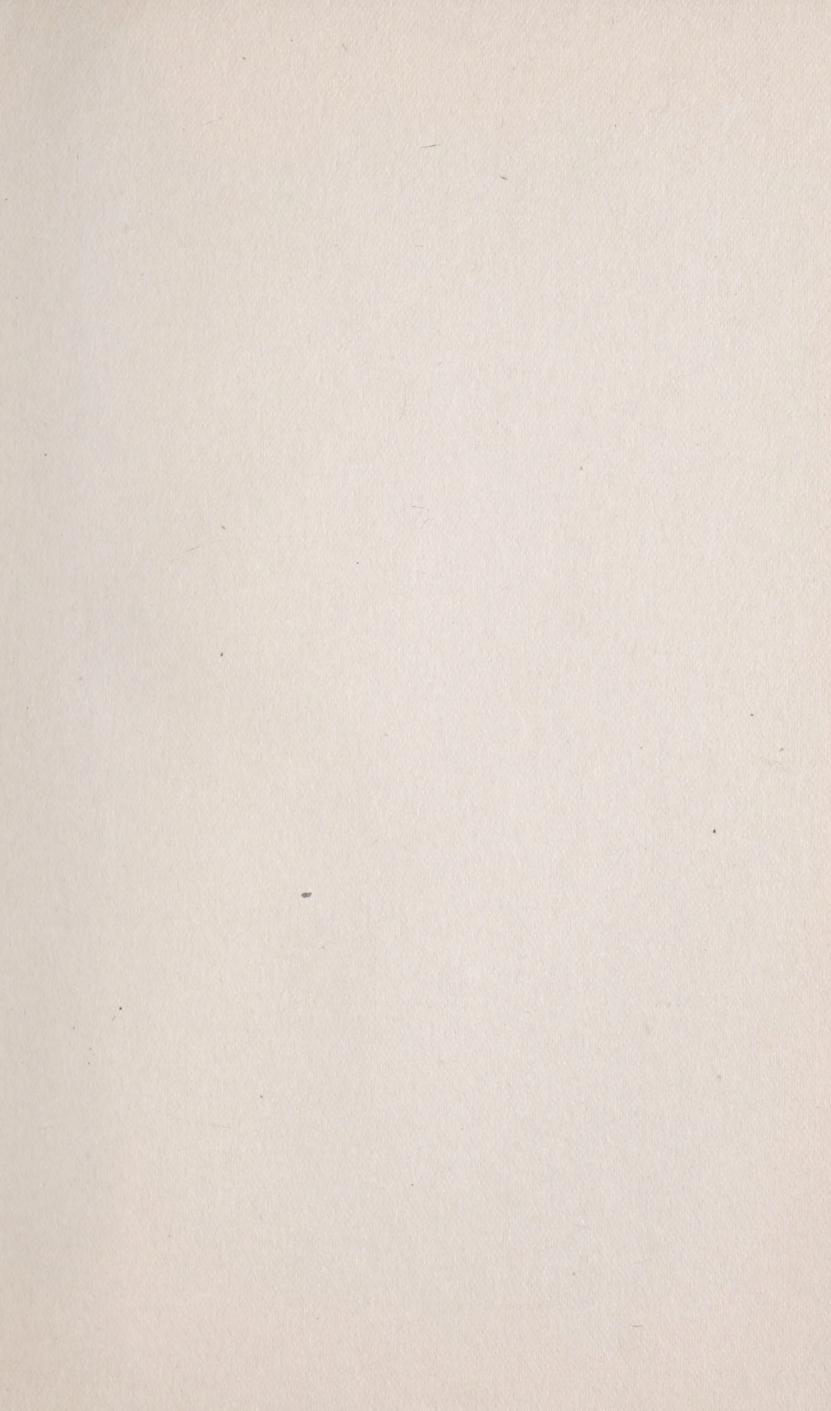
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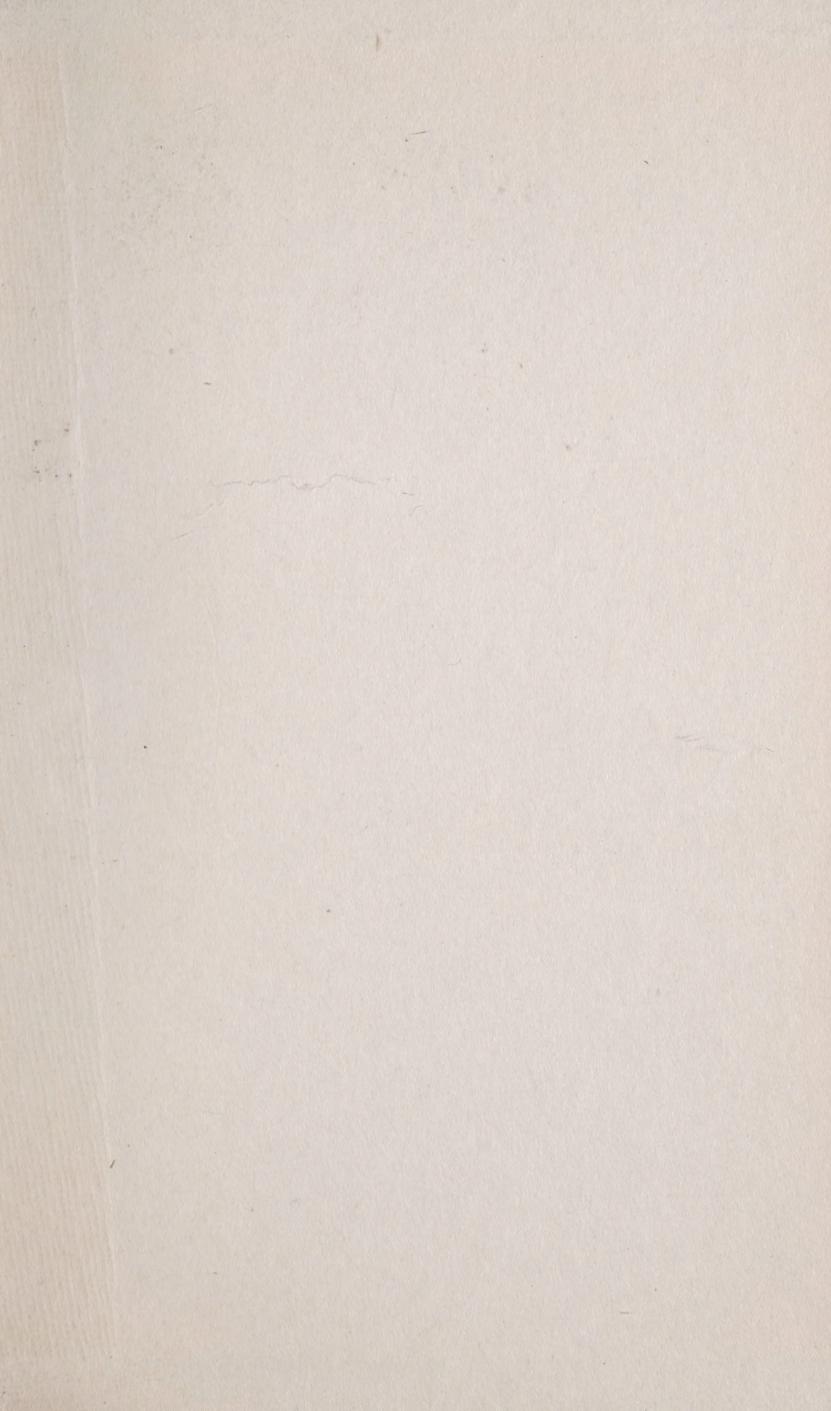








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